RIP OFF PRESS

35 COOL CARTOONISTS

STAGE A HOT BENEFIT . . .

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FIRE SALE

FIRE SALE A BENEFIT FOR LARRY TODD EDITED BY BODE

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* JAMS

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SMOKY CONSIDERATIONS

Difficult. Extremely difficult. When I read that Todd had passed through the flame, I spent a day trying to make contact by phone, merely to ascertain if fate had caught up with him. When I finally got through and was reassured that the worst that had happened was that he'd burned his feet a bit, and that he'd have to start drawing with his hands, I was relieved. Then came the maudlin appeals for a few introductory words to a benefit book, proceeds of which would serve to replace Larry's cache of drugs. (What had been stash, was now ash.)

Mas fuego, I thought; but I said okay.

Difficult. Very very difficult. This is my fourth attempt to write a prefatory amusement as preamble to comic pages filled with kind sentiments Todd doesn't much deserve. It's taken me weeks dragging into months. The first attempt was the usual politic commiseration. You know the sort of thing: oh, what a tragedy, that a great artist should thus be badly served by life, and get well quickly Larry, so you can get back to work. But that rang hollowly.

Then the second pass was deeply philosophical: the loss to an aesthetically-starved world of Todd's superlative artwork, lost in the conflagration. Erudite references to Monet and Kley and even Thomas Nast. But after I'd written it, I read it to some friends, and they dissolved into giggles. This was, they asked, Todd of whom I was writing, *n'est-pas*? So I dumped that version.

The third sally dealt with the lovely Worley-Waller page, the hilariously clever fourth panel of Kinney & Mavrides *Cover-up Lowdown*, the impact of the Corben and Gilbert offerings, and the Rippee strip, which broke me up. But after I'd written it, I realized it was like your waiter bringing you your meal in a restaurant, hovering and telling you, "What you're about to partake of, this beef ragout and the sides of honey-glazed carrots and scalloped potatoes au gratin, they're the work of our master chef, Maurice, who slaved over a hot stove for days to produce comestibles of an Olympian fineness. It was all beside the point. You'd be dining on excellent Bagge and Bode soon enough; you need no hovering and babbling.

And every week, like the cawing of a black bird outside my window, Mark would call and pillory me for my dilatory behavior.

Now, one day shy of Thanksgiving, I have bitten the bullet and will set down what I should have said at the outset. Oh so difficult, harsh but candid.

It's his own fault.

Todd has been cheating the odds of the universe for years. No one that lackadaisical about flauting the rules of Order by which the rest of us are compelled to live, should think it was merest chance, that nasty fire and all the infelicities it produced. The truth of the matter is that the Cosmic Croupier had finally had it up to here with Larry, and the inferno was an attempt on the part of the Eternal Crapshoot to put him in his place. Oh, how the universe gloated.

Imagine the celestial pissed-offedness when the Quake came soon thereafter. You see, the left hand of God didn't know what the right was doing. Had the left hand not burned him out, Larry would have been put thoroughly and totally out of his misery.

It was only the fuckup that saved Todd for another four or five decades of causing the universe extreme agitation.

So how can I pretend that this has been an unsalutary experience, when it's clear that Todd has escaped clean once again? We're not dealing with mortal caprice here: this is but another example of Todd giving a hotfoot to the Gods.

And we've paid for it with this benefit book.

Please put your bill in the mail.

HARLAN ELLISON

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IF CATS HAD HANDS, THEY'D BE WORSE IN KIDS, BUT THEY DON'T. IF MY NEIGHBOR HADN'T DROPPED BY TO DRINK MY BOOZE, THAT CUSHION WOULDA NEVER SMOLDERED.

BUT CATS DON'T HAVE HANDS (THANK GOD) AND THE CUSHION DID SMOLDER, WAS NOT PROPERLY EXTINGUISHED OR THROWN FAR ENOUGH OUTSIDE...

SO AT 4:30 A.M. ON JUNE 12, 1989 (MONDAY, WOULDN'T YOU KNOW!) THE GOLDEN GLOW THAT WOKE ME UP WASN'T THE RISING SUN (IT WAS STILL PITCH DARK)

NO SIR, I WOKE TO THE GOLDEN GLOW OF MY OWN PRIVATE..

FIRE SALE!

EVERYTHING MUST GO!

SKÅL.

THE FIRE WAS OUTSIDE, BURNING THE FRONT PORCH, SO I GOT OUTSIDE WITH NO GREAT DIFFICULTY, THO A BIT SHOWILY.

ALAS, POOR ABOMINABLE MANOR! I KNEW IT, HORATIO, A DOMICILE OF INFINITE LABORS, YET MOST EXCELLENT FANTASY! HERE HUNG THOSE DOORS THAT I HAVE KICKED I KNOW NOT HOW MANY TIMES, BUT I STILL CAN'T FIND THE DEVIL INDEX AND IT WAS RIGHT BY THE DOOR! THIS HOUSE WAS MY BABY, MY SOLAR-POWERED STUDIO IN THE WOODS, AND NOW IT WAS BURNING UP!

IN A STATE OF EXISTENTIAL SHOCK, AS THE FLAMES ATE MY DREAMS, I HAD TO MAKE SOME GESTURE, DO SOMETHING! I TURNED ON THE HOSE... THERE WAS A STUPID LAWN SPRINKLER ON IT. GREAT GESTURE.

©1989 BY LARRY TODD

IT TOOK ONLY 20 OR 25 SECONDS OF FIDDLING AND TWIRLING TO GET IT OFF, BUT BY THE TIME I GOT MY PISSING LITTLE TRICKLE OF WATER...

LET IT GO, TODD...

MY NAKED SKIN HAD GOTTEN BROILED BY PURE HEAT, AT A DISTANCE OF 15 FEET, IN 20 OR 25 SECONDS.

KINDA LIKE A MODERATE BLISTER BURN, BUT BIGGER. CLEAN BURN, NO CHAR, NO FLAME CONTACT, NO DIRT IN THE WOUNDS.

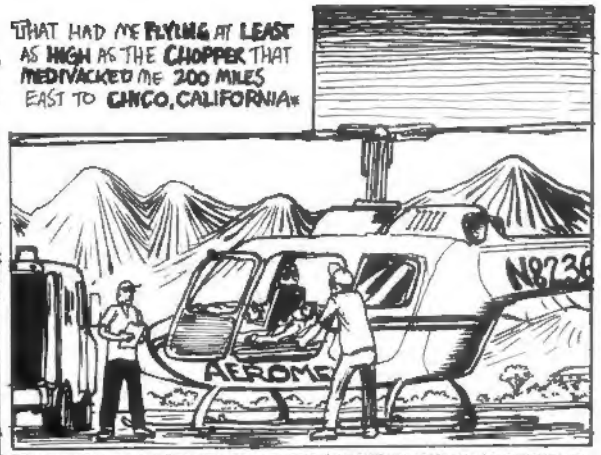
8% 3RD DEGREE, 10% 2ND DEGREE, 17% 1ST DEGREE BURNS. CAN'T SAY AS I REALLY FELT THE PAIN. EXISTENTIAL SHOCK GAVE WAY TO MEDICAL SHOCK.

OH, SHIT... GOD.. OWWW

THE FIRST FIRE CREWS WERE THERE IN 7 MINUTES... THEY HAD GOTTEN WORD OF MY FIRE BEFORE I KNEW! MY UNENDING THANKS TO THESE FIREFIGHTERS!

I WAS AMBULANCED TO HOWARD HOSPITAL IN WILLITS, PRONOUNCED BETTER LEFT FOR CHICO BURN UNIT, AND GIVEN A KILLER SHOT...

THAT HAD ME FLYING AT LEAST AS HIGH AS THE CHOPPER THAT MEDIVACKED ME 200 MILES EAST TO CHICO, CALIFORNIA*

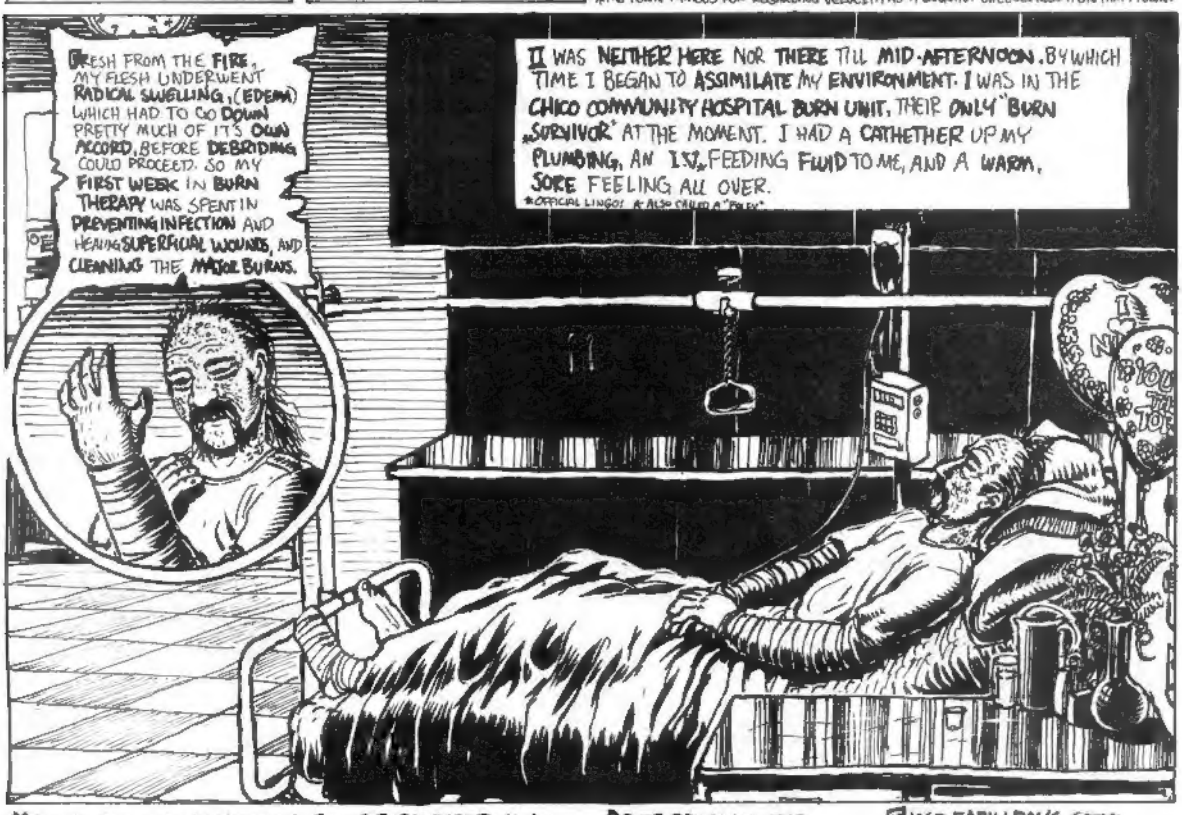


*THE TOWN FAMOUS FOR REGARDING VELVEETA AS A GOURMET CHEESE. ALSO A BIG PARTY TOWN.

FRESH FROM THE FIRE, MY FLESH UNDERWENT RADICAL SWELLING, (EDEMA) WHICH HAD TO GO DOWN PRETTY MUCH OF ITS OWN ACCORD, BEFORE DEBRIDING COULD PROCEED. SO MY FIRST WEEK IN BURN THERAPY WAS SPENT IN PREVENTING INFECTION AND HEALING SUPERFICIAL WOUNDS, AND CLEANING THE MAJOR BURNS.

I WAS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE TILL MID-AFTERNOON. BY WHICH TIME I BEGAN TO ASSIMILATE MY ENVIRONMENT. I WAS IN THE CHICO COMMUNITY HOSPITAL BURN UNIT, THEIR ONLY "BURN SURVIVOR" AT THE MOMENT. I HAD A CATHETHER UP MY PLUMBING, AN I.V. FEEDING FLUID TO ME, AND A WARM, SORE FEELING ALL OVER.

*OFFICIAL LINGO! A.K.A. ALSO CALLED A "BURN".



MY DAYS FOLLOWED A CLOCKWORK ROUTINE. IN THE MORNING I HAD THE OLD DRESSINGS TAKEN OFF, I WASHED MYSELF AND MY BURNS (OUCH!), AND DRIED MYSELF AS BEST I COULD

I WAS REBANDAGED IN AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF CURLEX AND CLINGFORM, WITH XERO FORM AND 9x4s AND WHATEVER EACH NURSE HAD THEIR OWN STYLE OF DOING THE DRESSINGS.

AFTER DRESSING, THE PHYSICAL THERAPISTS WOULD WORK ME OVER, NICE GUYS WHO MADE SURE I WOULD (& I DO!) HAVE FULL USE OF MY MUSCLES AND A FULL RANGE OF MOVEMENT. IT WAS, HOWEVER, NOT VERY FUN.

THOSE EARLY DAYS SEEM MORE DISTANT, NOW, THAN LAST XMAS. A PERIOD OF PAIN, PILLS, PHYSICAL THERAPY, PHONE CALLS, THO NOT MUCH BOREDOM, EVEN THOUGH I HAD NO READING OR ART MATERIAL, NOR WAS I WATCHING THE T.V.

AFTER THE SWELLING HAD RECEDED, PATCHES OF UGLY YELLOW TISSUE (ESCAR) APPEARED. THESE WERE DEAD FLESH STILL TOUGHLY ANCHORED TO THE WOUND, AND REQUIRED REMOVAL WITH A MORTUARY ENZYME, TRAVASE, THAT DIGESTED ONLY ESCAR. IT WAS APPLIED WITH A MULTIPURPOSE SILVER-BASED OINTMENT CALLED SILVADENE, WHICH MADE AN UGLY YELLOW SLIME AFTER 6-8 HOURS.

ABOUT THIS TIME, MY T-V WATCHING HABITS CHANGED. I BEGAN TO REQUEST VIDEOTAPES AND USE THE VCR IN MY ROOM.

A WORD ABOUT PAIN KILLERS. THE MOST USEFUL ANALGESICS ARE OPIATES, BUT OPIATES SLOW DIGESTION OF FOOD TO A CRAWL, AND IN BURN CASES, IT IS IMPORTANT TO KEEP FEEDING THE WOUNDS WITH FRESH PROTEIN. SO, THOUGH BURNS ARE THE MOST PAINFUL OF WOUNDS, THEY ARE LEAST HELPED BY PAIN KILLERS. SO BURN SURVIVORS LEARN TO DO WITHOUT.

WELL, NOT COMPLETELY. THERE WAS THIS ANALGESIC "TALACEN" WHICH REDUCED THE SHARPNESS OF THE PAIN. IT DID, ALSO, POSSESS SLIGHT TIME & DREAM WARPING PROPERTIES, LEADING TO INTERESTING TIMES ASLEEP. STRANGE SHOWS TO WATCH WHETHER AWAKE OR ASLEEP!

I EVENTUALLY BECAME A TRUE COUCH POTATO. NO T-V SHOW WAS SO INANE I WOULDN'T WATCH IT FOR AT LEAST A NANOSECOND!

THE NURSES SEEMED TO BE THE REAL TECHNICIANS THRU ALL OF THIS. THEY DID THE WORK, THEY KNEW THE MATERIAL, THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES. THE ONLY THING THEY DIDN'T HAVE WAS A DOCTOR'S SHINGLE.

NOW, THE DOCTORS HAD A DEGREE, AND THIS MEANT THEY HAD AN OFFICE, A RECEPTIONIST, AND SELDOM HAD TO SHOW UP. WHEN THEY DID, IT WAS EITHER TO SAY NOTHING, OR TO WARN, LIKE AN ORACLE, OF IMPENDING EVENTS OF GREAT IMPORT.

WE GENERALLY PREFER TO DO THE SKIN GRAFTS EARLY, BEFORE A GREAT AMOUNT OF SKIN BUD GROWTH HAS SET IN...

SO I'M SCHEDULING YOU FOR THE OPERATION ON THE 30TH. THAT MEANS WE'LL BE DOING 5 WET-DRY DEBRIDINGS ON THE 29TH, WHICH IS TOMORROW.

GREAT. I HATE LONG WAITS.

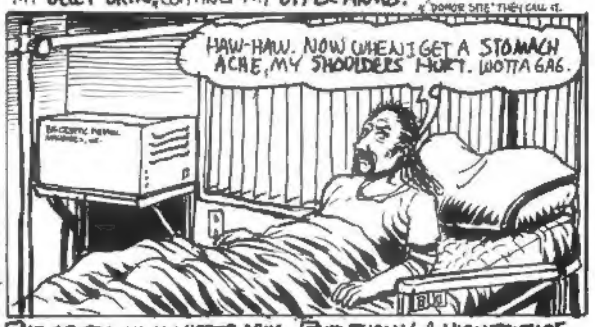
BRIEFLY, WET-DRY READIES THE WOUND SURFACE FOR GRAFT ACCEPTANCE, BY MAKING IT RAW AND BLOODY... A "GOOD CAPILLARY BED" AS IT IS DESCRIBED. THE NURSE LAYS ON A WET GAUZE, WHICH DRIES IN A COUPLE OF HOURS.

THIS IS THEN STRIPPED OFF, CARRYING WOUND SURFACE WITH IT, AND INITIATING MUCH BLEEDING. THE FIRST TIME WAS AWFUL. THE SECOND TIME WAS WORSE.

"FORTUNATELY", I "BLED LIKE A STUCK PIG", SO THE 3RD & 4TH STRIPPINGS WERE DONE A BIT MORE GENTLY, AND THE 5TH WAS DONE UNDER ANAESTHESIA, SO I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO THE PAIN, BEING UNCONSCIOUS.

THE OPERATING ROOM WAS COLD, AND I WAS WAITING. THE ONE PREVIOUS TIME I HAD GONE UNDER GENERAL ANAESTHESIA I HAD HAD TIME TO COUNT BACK FROM 30 TO 19. THIS TIME I WAS WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN

AND THEN I WAS BACK IN MY BED. IT HAD HAPPENED, AND IT WAS AS THOUGH A SWITCH HAD BEEN PULLED, AND I WENT ACROSS 14 HOURS IN ZIP TIME, NO TIME ELAPSED AT ALL. ONE SECOND ONE PLACE, NEXT SECOND BACK IN MY BED, WITH MY BELLY SKIN, COATING MY UPPER ARMS. A "DONOR SITE" THEY CALL IT.



FROM THIS POINT ON, THE RECUPERATION WAS VERY STRAIGHT FORWARD. I LAID IN BED A LOT, NO MORE PHYSICAL THERAPY, JUST WAITING FOR MY WOUNDS TO HEAL.

AFTER A WEEK OR SO, THE DRESSINGS WERE TAKEN OFF MY BELLY, AND THOUGH IT WAS A HIDEOUS PURPLE-PINK IN COLOR, IT HAD SKINNED OVER LIKE IT SHOULD.

THE GRAFTS ON MY UPPER ARMS LOOKED ODD, BECAUSE THE TRANSPLANT SKIN HAD BEEN MESHED, IN ORDER TO STRETCH THE COVERAGE, AND TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF INFECTION..

EVENTUALLY A HIGH TEXTURE WOULD APPEAR, AND I WOULD BE FITTED WITH A JOBST GARMENT, A SHIRT-SHAPED ACE BANDAGE INTENDED TO PRESS THIS TEXTURE DOWN TO LEVEL.

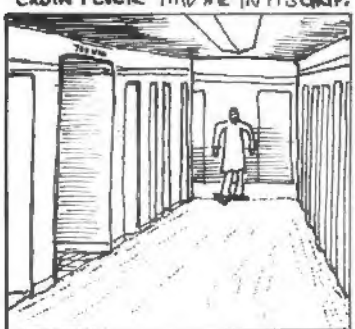
BY THIS TIME, FIRE SEASON HAD BEGUN, AND FIREFIGHTERS BEGAN TO GET BURNED AND BE SENT IN. SO THERE WAS NO MORE ROOM IN THE BURN WARD, AND I WAS MOVED OUT "ONTO THE FLOOR".

I BEGAN WATCHING TV A LOT. NO MORE VCR OR VIDEOTAPES. JUST A LOT OF CABLE. SO I TOOK MY TALACENS, AND WAITED FOR MY CONSTANT COMPANIONS TO HEAL.

AND THE LONG AWAITED DAY FINALLY CAME, JULY 19, 1989. MY FRIEND PHIL PICKED ME UP, AND WE DROVE THRU THE HUMID CENTRAL VALLEY NIGHT BACK TO THE WORLD. IT WAS NOT ALL OVER, NOT COMPLETELY. BUT IT WAS MOSTLY OVER. EXCEPT FOR THE ITCHING. AND I MAY YET ITCH FOREVER.

I WANDERED THE HALLS A LOT, READ BOOKS AND FRETTED ABOUT MY T-SHIRT BUSINESS, WHICH HAD GREAT NEED OF ME. HOSPITAL CABIN FEVER HAD ME IN IT'S GRIP.

FINALLY THINGS SEEMED TO HAVE GONE FAR ENOUGH THAT I WAS ABLE TO PERSUADE THE DOCTORS TO LET ME GO. AFTER, HOWEVER, A BIT OF U.V. TREATMENT TO MAKE DAMN SURE ABOUT NO INFECTIONS.



IT OCCURED TO ME, THE OTHER DAY, THAT I WAS SO HOMESICK, I'D GLADLY GO THRU THE BURNS AND THE PAIN AGAIN, IF I COULD HAVE MY HOUSE AND MY GOODIES BACK. YEAH, I'LL ITCH FOREVER....

DEDICATED TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO SHOWED SUCH INCREDIBLE SENSORY, EMOTIONAL, SPIRITUAL & MEDICAL, TO THE HEALING THIS HORRIBLE ORDEAL. GOD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU! Gene Tobin 7/27/89

MACHINES

TOTAL TAO CAPERS IN THE YEAR: 0000 - DAVID BODE

BIG SCARY SERIES OF ADVANCED MECHANICAL MOVING MECHANISMS, MILITARY AN CIVILIAN

PLUS:

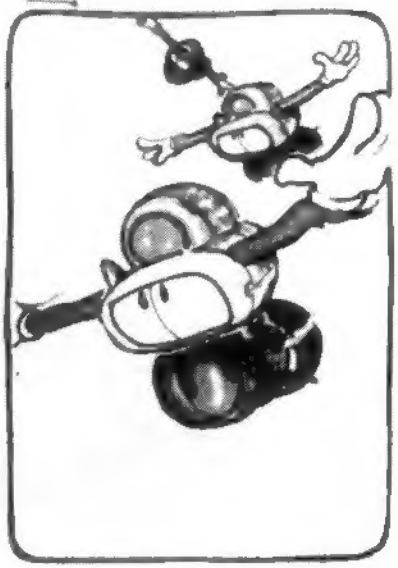
HIDDEN WADS OF TRUTH

A **PUNKERPAN**, BI-POD MODEL 1927, INFANTRY WAR MACHINE. **NOTE**, THE DEVASTATINGLY-CHIC, AIR COOLED, **9** MM **HELMET**.

I WANT TO BE A **BEE** TODAY.

LET'S KICK EM IN THA BALLS!

SUPER SLEEK **RAMDOVE** WEAPON PLATFORMS. STREAK THROUGH THE SKIES CARRYING RUSTY, **300** LB. **VD** CHEMICAL WARFARE BOMBS TO INFECT THE TROOPS



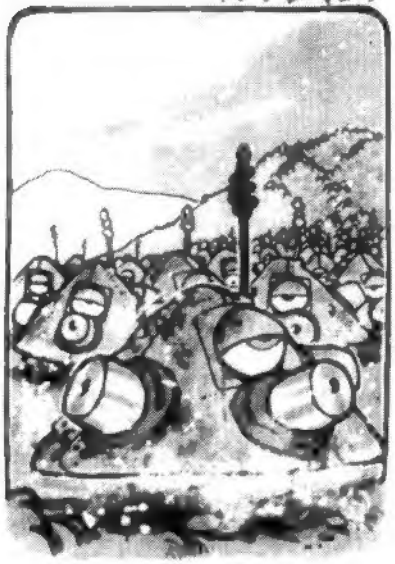
GOOK-LIKE, **STEELPIMPLES**, MASSING OVER THE FROZEN TUNDRA, LIKE RAMPANT **ACNE**. AT A DOLLAR-FIFTY PER PIMPLE, THEY ARE NOT RETURNABLE. A **POX ON ANY ECOLOGY!**

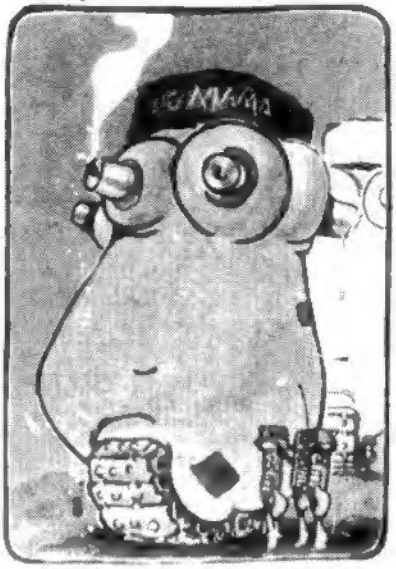
MERR MMM GUZ

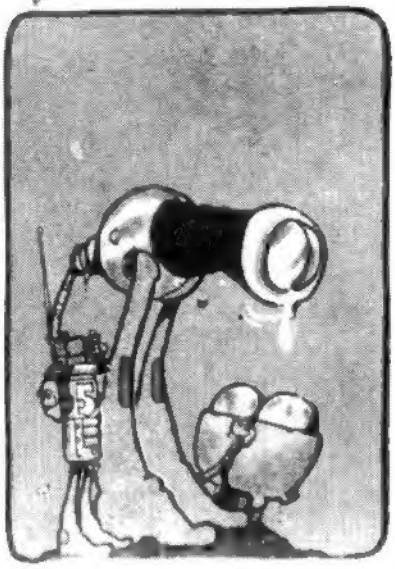
IMPREGNABLE, **BIG MAMAS!** INSATIABLE, GIANT, AMORPHOUS, PLASTIC AMAZONS ASTRIDE CLANKY PUSSY-BOGIES, COMMANDING AN ASS-BUSTING **320°** FIELD OF FIRE WITH THEIR **200 M.M.** MAMMARIES.

YA DER **DICK** IS READY FOR DA' **MAMA**.

YES, A FULLY-ERECT, **75** GALLON CAPACITY, WALKING **DONG**, WITH OPTIONAL BALL BASKET. A MACHINE CREATED TO SPUME SATISFACTION INTO THE HORNY BIG MAMAS AT **762.5** R.P.M.'S







ROVING, 2WD ORB MACHINE, GYROSCOPIC, ONE WHEEL CONSCIOUS COMMERCIAL VEHICLE. 10⁵, 6 OR 7 POINTS ON ANY SCALE. TCM⁵ CHEATS ON THEIR METERS, AN FAT TIPS.

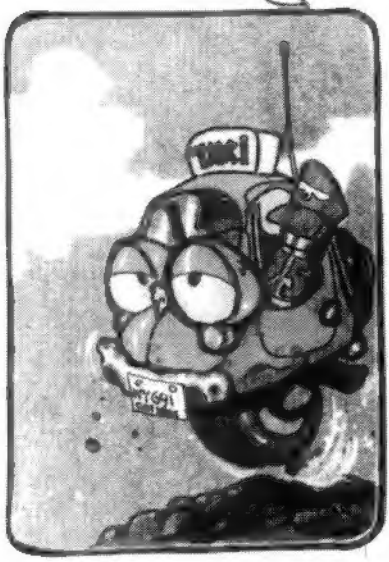
STEP ON IT, YOU TIN SHIT!

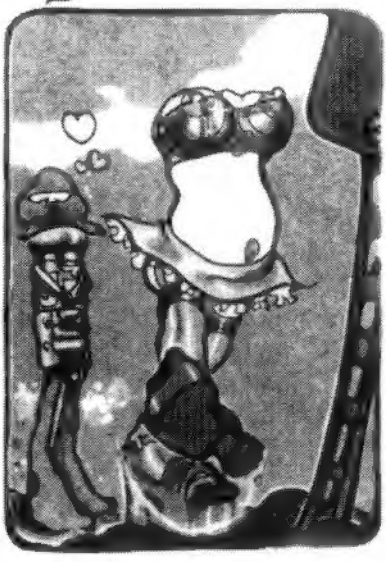
YUM DIS I GOT TO HAVE!

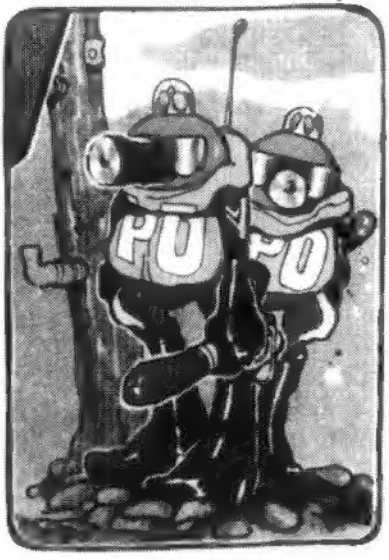
PEK⁵, PLASTIC ELASTIC KUNTZ! THE TRUE MECHANICAL SEX POTS SO OFTEN PROPHESIED AND, AT LAST, REALIZED! SWEET, GIGGLY, HEADLESS, YOUNG THINGS TO RELIEVE THE WAR-WEARY COMBAT MACHINES.

SCREWS, LOOSE NUTS AN TOUGH BULLY-BOYS OF THE CIVIL STREETS SNOUTY CRUSHERS OF THE WOULD BE USURPERS DREAM OF SOCIAL DISHARMONY AN CRAWLING CULTURAL CLAP.

LET'S GITZEM JOEBOY, EH?







PUNKEROONY PIMP, SHINY, GOLD-BEDECKELED, AMORAL, 1040 OIL MAIN-LINING PURVEYOR OF HAPLESS RUN-AWAY PEK⁵, AND USERS OF WAYWARD PLASTIC ELASTIC FLESH.

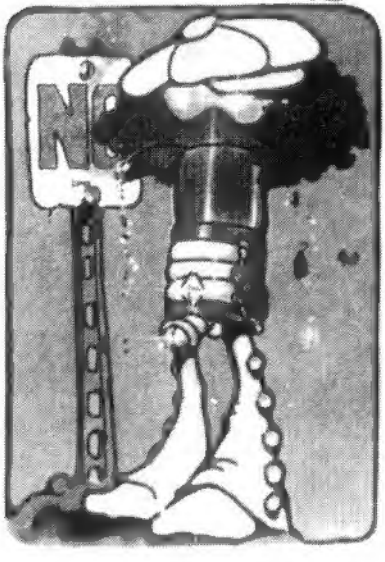
ZIPITY DO DA, MAN.

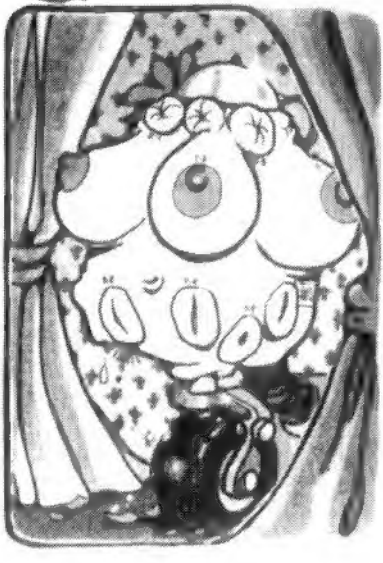
HEY BIG BOY!

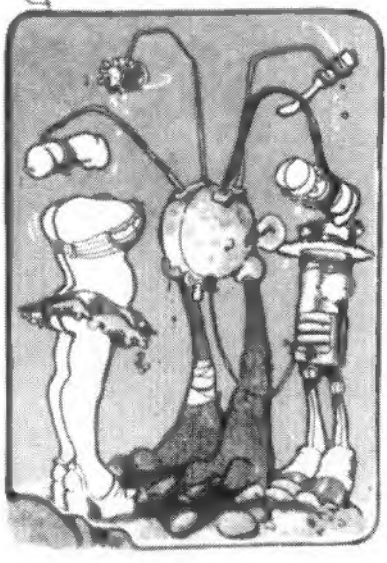
A HUMRAMENT PLEASURE PALACE. SPECIAL A SENSUOUS PILE OF SYNTHETIC FLESH FOR THE COMPLETELY UNDISCERNING, OR CATCH-A-TRAIN-SHOOT-YER-WAD, MECHANICAL CUSTOMER.

OOOH TEE-HEE

HERE WE HAVE A RENEGADE, DILDO DISPENSER (DESIGNED TO SERVICE PEK⁵ IN HEAT). IT HAS BEEN CAPTURED AND SUBDUED BY A COMMON, FREE-LANCE, STREET VENDOR!!

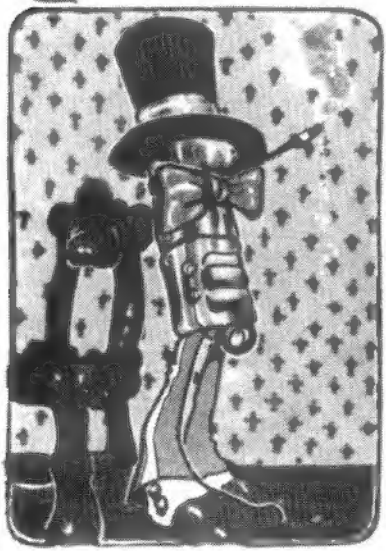






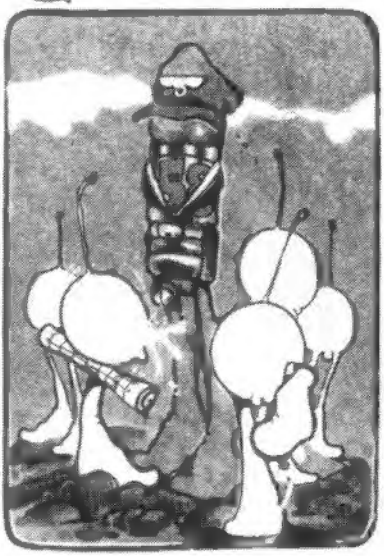
BULLY BALLS BOYS!

SPIFFY TOP HAT POLITICIAN PUNKERMAN, HAVING MADE A FORTUNE IN THE JUNK BIZ, IS WAITING FOR A GREASE-JOB AT SADIE SPRING'S WHORE GARAGE.



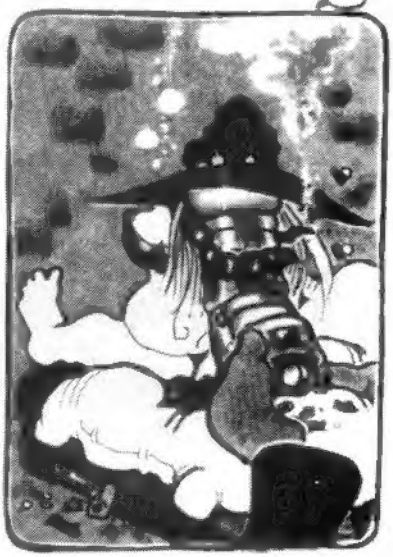
PISS!

AN INFANTRY MACHINE WITH THE IRON SCREW, 1ST CLASS, PISSES ON A LOW 66 NUMBER GOVERMENT-SERVICE BALL. 65 BALLS HAVE NO BALLS, AND SPORT ONLY RUDIMENTARY WEENIES.

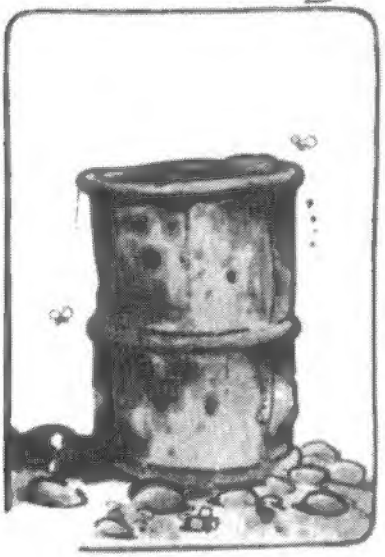


HIPPY PUNKERPUNKS. POT SMOKING, COKE-SNORTING, PILL POPPING, ACID DROPPING, HORNY, HIGH FLYING SOCIAL DERELICTS THAT FUK ALL DAY AN DON'T JOIN POP WARS.

SIGH



36 GAL. EVERYDAY BARRELS. THE SIMPLEST AN MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL MACHINES. BESIDES SITTING THERE, THEY CAN BE FILLED UP, AN TRUSTED NOT TO FUK, PEK, ALL DAY, OR ORGANIZE UNLOYAL COUPS.



A MURPHY BAZOOK WITH A FRED LOADER. HIGHLY EFFECTIVE, SURFACE ATTACK WEAPON WITH A HITTING FORCE EQUAL TO TWO TAP DANCERS!!

SHOVE ONE UP ME... ASS, FRED.

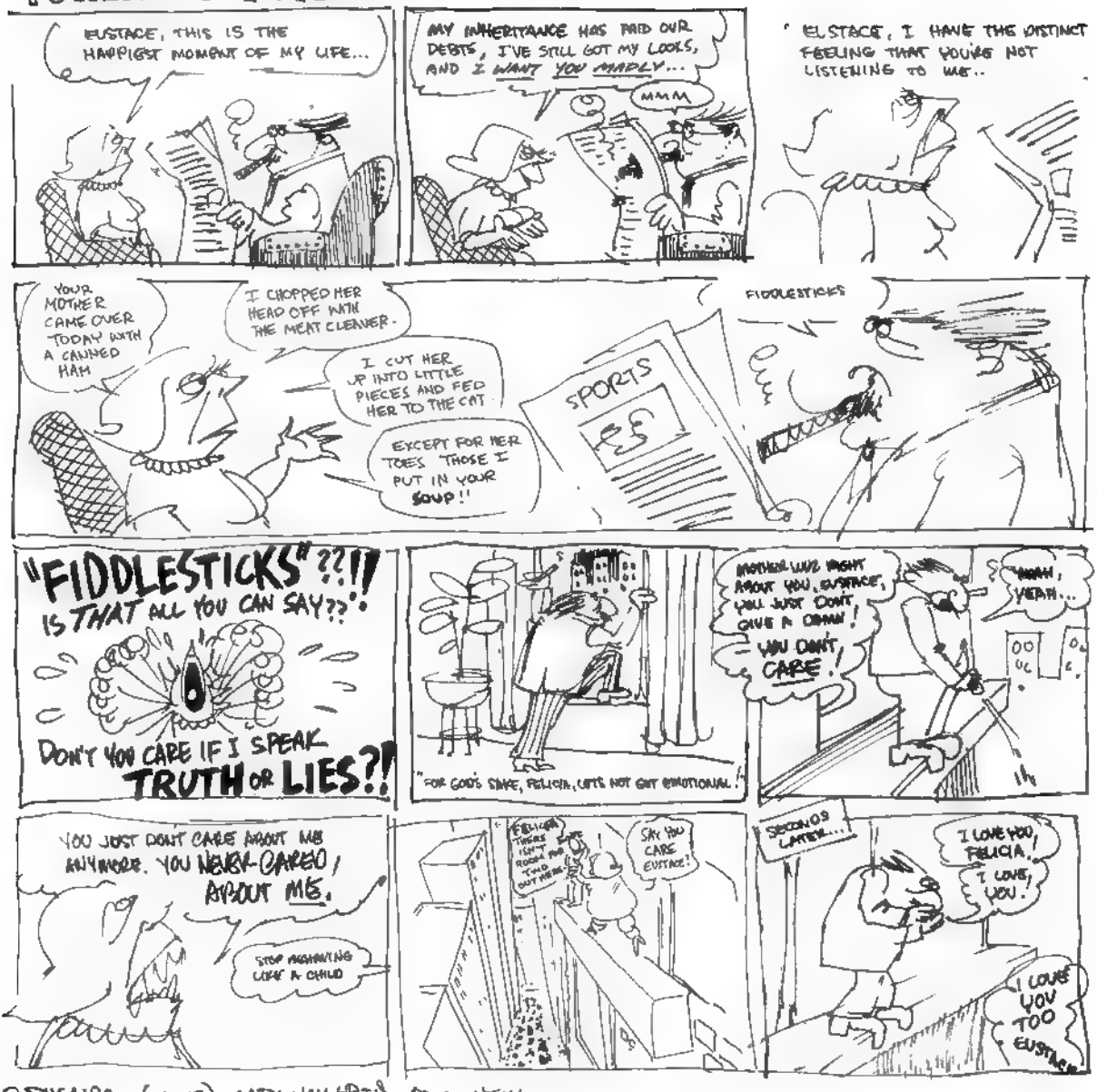
MACHINE GRAVEYARD, A BIG ASS HUNK OF GROUND ALWAYS SET ASIDE FOR DEAD AN DIEING MACHINES OF ALL MAKES, MODELS, TYPES, RELIGIONS, AND/OR SEXUAL PERVERSIONS.

...Mommy.

BIG BITCH
WRITTEN BY ALGERNON BACKWASH
DRAWN BY SPAIN
NO PARKING DAY OR NITE
PWUES
YOO HOO!
!
I'M GONNA PUMP SOME HOT LOVE INTO HER!
PAFK
NGGGH!
RUDE BASTARD!
©'89 SPAIN RODRIGUEZ

The Case of the DRIPPING DROP-IN
"A STUDY IN RANDOM NEIGHBOR RELATIONS FOR LARRY TODD"
as told to JUSTIN GREEN by a random pedestrian
AFTER WORKIN' 40-50 HOURS ALL WEEK SATURDAY IS MINE!
DING DONG
AW FER PETE'S SAKES — YA JUST CAN'T WIN!
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
YEAH?
MEESTER! BOPPITA JOPPITA NI WAN WAN
SORRY BUDDY I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYIN'!
PHONE NI WAN WAN
OH NOW I GET IT! SURE YOU CAN USE MINE, BUT PLEASE MAKE IT FAST!
YOU COME NOW!
HEY-WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DRIPPIN' ALL OVER MY FLOOR?! DAMN YUH.
MARIA!
@☆!?x BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE!
GAS
THAT AFTERNOON — POLICE HDQTS.
EXTENSIVE SAMPLES OF THE VICTIM'S BLOOD WERE TAKEN FROM HIS RESIDENCE, YET HE CLAIMS NEVER TO HAVE SEEN HER!
START AT THE BEGINNING — BEFORE THE ALLEGED VISITOR DIALED 911...
LIKE I SEZ, SATURDAY IS MINE!

TOWERING INFERNO


EUSTACE, THIS IS THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE...
MY INHERITANCE HAS PAID OUR DEBTS, I'VE STILL GOT MY LOOKS, AND I WANT YOU MARLY...
MMM
EUSTACE, I HAVE THE DISTINCT FEELING THAT YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME..
YOUR MOTHER CAME OVER TODAY WITH A CANNED HAM
I CHOPPED HER HEAD OFF WITH THE MEAT CLEAVER.
I CUT HER UP INTO LITTLE PIECES AND FED HER TO THE CAT
EXCEPT FOR HER TOES THOSE I PUT IN YOUR SOUP!!
SPORTS
FIDDLESTICKS
"FIDDLESTICKS"??!! IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY??!
DON'T YOU CARE IF I SPEAK TRUTH OR LIES?!
"FOR GOD'S SAKE, FELICIA, LET'S NOT GET EMOTIONAL!"
MOTHER-LUVS FIGHT ABOUT YOU, EUSTACE, YOU JUST DON'T GIVE A DAMN! YOU DON'T CARE!
"MMM, YEAH...
YOU JUST DON'T CARE ABOUT ME ANYMORE. YOU NEVER-CARED ABOUT ME.
STOP WHINING LIKE A CHILD
FELICIA THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR TWO OUT HERE
SAY YOU CARE EUSTACE!
SECONDS LATER...
I LOVE YOU, FELICIA!
I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU TOO EUSTACE

© SIGMORAN (TM IE) CATHY HALLORAN DANO'NEILL

HAROLD I FEEL LIKE WE'RE BEING WATCHED!
NONSENSE YOU ONLY LET ME
JEEZUS XTZEL, GET A LOAD OF THOSE KNOCKERS!
HOLY SHIT! WHAT A BODY
FREQUENCY APPLICATION ORTHOMETER 3,000 D.U.'S
HOLLATRONS STEADY AT POINT THREE.
HOLD THE FORT, XTZEL - I GONNA GET SOME OF THAT
THE COMMANDER WON'T BE PLEASED IF WE FAIL IN OUR MISSION ZTHIL
EXCUSE ME, THIR. I REPRESENT THE GALACTIC SPERM BANK..
DUE TO INFLATION WE ARE SHIFTING OUR ASSETS
AND I'D LIKE TO MAKE A DEPOSIT
WHO'S IT HAROLD??
ZTHIL HAS ALL THE FUN AN I DO ALL THE WORK! - WHY, WITHOUT ME HE'D STILL BE MOPPING UP LOORNS IN SOME SECOND RATE TGAGN!
WHAT TH' ??
HAROLD, WHY DIDN'T WE GO TO THE MOVIES?
YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE GALACTIC GIVEAWAY CONTEST..
YOU GIVE, ME TAKE !! NOW LET ME IN OR I'LL ZAP YOU!
ZAPPO
TAKE THAT YOU BUX OF A HUMPF
WHAT IS IT!
GAWD HELP US!
IT'S THE CALVINIST WORK ETHIC RAY!
IN THAT CASE - BOTH YOU GENTLEMEN OWE ME TWENTY DOLLARS
LATER
WELL — WHERE'S THE XFOFL?
HE DID IT!

THE PRISNOR WILL FACE THE COURT"
SLEEP
BAM! BAM!
FACE THE COURT!
YOUR HONOR. I PUT IT TO THE COURT THAT MY WORTHY CLIENT, A MAN GOOD AND TRUE, HAS BECOME MENTALLY UNSTUCK AS A RESULT OF THE INORDINATE PROLONGATION OF THESE PROCEEDINGS.
GNNCH! CHOMP
CHOKE!
GASP!
Ickbay Oopay
I'M QUITE CONVINCED THAT YOUR WORTHYSHIP IS FULLY COGNIZANT AS TO THE PRECARIOUS NATURE OF MY CLIENTS EMOTIONAL DEPORTMENT!
GAAAA
THAT SHOULD BE A SUFFICIENT DEMONSTRATION, SIR.
HUNKA! HUNKA!
OUTRAGE!!
YER WORTHYSHIP! — WE FEEL THAT THE SUBJECT HAS, IN FACT, SUFFERED ENOUGH TO PUNISH MORE WOULD BE TANTAMOUNT TO CRAZY HORSE CASTER-ATING CUSTER, HIMSELF!
THE JURY
IN AGREEMENT WITH THE JURY I FIND THE PRISONER INNOCENT ON ALL CHARGES. AND SENTENCE HIM TO BE HUNG FOR PEEING ON THE COURT..
NEXT CASE.
WE'LL APPEAL

THE PETRIFIED FLORIST

JOHNNEY FLYBOTTOM PUSHES HIS TRUCK BILLYBOY TO THE LIMIT
BUT THE MONSOON IS GETTING WILD!
MEANWHILE BACK AT GLOTTIS CORNERS, DUKE MANTEE STILL HOLDS DOWN ONE OF THE TRUCK STOP CAFES IN A STATE OF TERROR
DUKE LUMP OR YOU MR. MANTEE?
MY PALS CALL ME DUKE
SUDDENLY HIGH ABOVE THE JUNGLE ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE
CRACK
DAMMIT LEFTY! I TOLD YOU TO KNOCK BEFORE COMING IN HERE!
DA LUMP-BURG BRIDGE IS OUT, BOSS..
MEANWHILE, BACK TO FLYBOTTOM AND BILLY BOY
ZOOK
WE'LL MAKE IT BILLYBOY
GLOTTIS CORNER, HERE WE COME!
LUMP BURG POP. 00008
CAUTION NARROW BRIDGE
DANGER
FLOWERS
BILLYBOY CLEARS THE BROKEN SPAN AND RACES ON TO GLOTTIS CORNERS.. AND DESTINY!!
FLOWERS
WILL BILLYBOY MAKE IT? AN WHAT ABOUT DUKES ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER AND LEFTY'S UNSANFORIZED RUGBY SHIRT?
GLOTTIS CORNERS 5 DESTINY 12
GLOTTIS TRUCK STOP
FOOM
DUKES ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER
AND GLOTTIS CORNER ENTERS ETERNITY.. BUT GLOTTIS CRATER RECEIVES THE KISS OF THE WILD MONSOON AND TIME MARCHES ON.
DAN O'NEILL

a visit with DR. ATOMIC
©LARRY TODD
DOC, I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! THE COMIC READING PUBLIC ONLY WANTS GRIM, RAMBOESQUE VIOLENCE! MY SISTERS HAVE BECOME MINDLESS POST-FEMINISTS!
OUR PLANET IS BEING POISONED AND NOTHING IS GONNA CHANGE UNDER THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION! I KNOW YOU'VE GOT A TIME MACHINE STASHED AMONG ALL THE DETRITUS IN YOUR LAB! SEND ME BACK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS!
SEEMS TA ME I STORED TH' TIME MACHINE IN TH' BASEMENT, BUT HERE'S SOMETHING BETTER—DR. ATOMIC'S TEMPO-VU®!
YA JUST SET TH' DIAL TO THE PERIOD YOU WANNA SEE. HELPS YOU CHOOSE A GOOD YEAR WHEN YOU USE THE TIME MACHINE... F'RINSTANCE, ANCIENT ROME! HERE'S GLADIATORS FIGHTING TO THE DEATH IN THE ARENA!
URGw
SURE BEATS MODERN WRESTLING... WOOPS! LOOKIT THAT GUY SLIP ON HIS OWN BLOOD!
HONZABOUT TH' ROMANTIC MIDDLE AGES? OOH, LOOK!
—EVERYBODY'S DYING OF THE BLACK PLAGUE! THEY'RE PILIN' UP TH' BODIES IN TH' STREETS!
LOTSA BIG FAT RATS, TOO!
MEBBE YOU'D PREFER SOMETHING MORE RECENT - SAY THE LAST CENTURY? THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION? HERE'S A MODEL FACTORY IN 1840... LOOK HOW SHORT THE WORKERS ARE!
WAIT, THOSE ARE CHILDREN! MUST BE ABOUT 7, 8 YEARS OLD! WANNA CHECK OUT TH' KIDS WORKIN' IN TH' COAL MINES?
UH, NO...
SO, WHEN'LL IT BE? I CAN JUST WHEEL TH' MACHINE IN AN'...
SAY, DOC, I JUST REMEMBERED A MEETING T'NIGHT TO SAVE THE RAIN FOREST-
-AND T'MORROW THERE'S A RALLY TO PROTECT OUR COASTLINE FROM OFFSHORE OIL DRILLING—
—AND THE NEXT DAY THERE'S A MARCH TO PROTECT ABORTION RIGHTS...
THANX, LARRY, FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP WHEN I NEEDED IT.....
©Irina Robbins '89

HYAH AH-AH!
BATRAT™
DEEP IN A SECTION OF THE CITY WHERE REAL ESTATE VALUES HAVEN'T PUSHED THE POOR AND DESTITUTE INTO THE STREETS, BATRAT & RABID HAVE UNCOVERED A NEST OF CRIMINALS!
. ESCAPE, OF COURSE, IS IMPOSSIBLE!!
BATRAT!
RUN FOR IT!!
NOT HAVING TO DEAL WITH ANNOYING LEGAL TECHNICALITIES, THE DESPOTIC DUO DISPATCH THE FIENDS QUICKLY...
HAHAHA!
I GIVE UUH..
HOLY TIANANMEN SQUARE, BATRAT! ..WE FORGOT TO READ THEM THEIR RIGHTS!
YA GOTTA NIP THIS KIND OF THING IN THE BUD, RABID!
..BUT WHAT WERE THEY DOING THAT WAS SO HORRIBLE?
...THE ULTIMATE CRIME...
BOOTLEG BATRAT™ T-SHIRTS!
HOLY AIR PIRATES! SHOULD WE DESTROY THEM?!
HELL NO! .WE'LL SELL 'EM CHEAP TO THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES! LETS HUSTLE! ..WE CAN STILL BUST A FEW DAYCARE CENTERS FOR DISPLAYING OUR TRADE MARKED IMAGES WITH OUT PAYING FOR THEM!
REMEMBER, KIDS... CRIME DOESN'T PAY!! ...UNLESS YOU CAN AFFORD A GOOD LAWYER!!
©'89 LARRY GROENEMAN

DRIPPY
the Leper Boy
©1989 R.L. Crabb – TONIGHT'S EPISODE – "A LUMP ON THE MOUND"
GEEZ! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GUYS LET THAT LEPER KID PLAY ON YOUR TEAM!
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS...
...SLOOTER'S OUT WITH A PULLED HAMSTRING AND BILLY WAS ABDUCTED BY PERVERTS YESTERDAY! IT WAS EITHER DRIPPY...
...OR MARY FLANAGAN!
...A GIRL?!! NO WAY!!
BESIDES, THE KID THROWS A RADICAL SLIDER!
YEAH?!...WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!!
WHAM!
SLIDER?... LOOKS MORE LIKE A SLIMER!!
HEY! NEXT TIME, LET GO OF THE BALL, DRIPPY!!

THE CHECKERED DEMON ABOUT TO SCOOP DOUBLE SPOONSFUL OF MAGGOTS FROM THE SKULL OF THE DECAYING CAPTAIN MORTE.
D.S. ATKINSON, 3/91 ©
MOIL
EAT EAT GOOBLE EAT EAT EAT EAT GORGE
SQUIGGLE
MARBLE

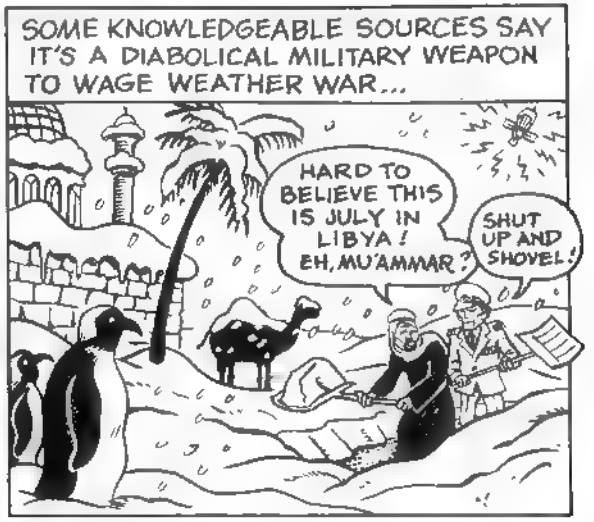
Cover-up Lowdown!

BY KINNEY & MAVRIDES

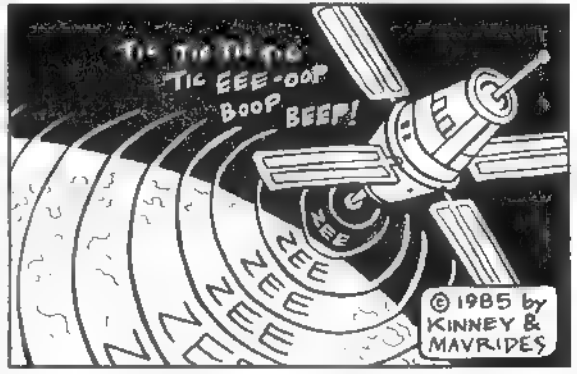
THE FAR RIGHT STUFF

WE'RE HERE WITH SPECIAL LIVE COVERAGE OF THE ULTRA-SECRET SPACE SHUTTLE LAUNCH...
THAT'S RIGHT HARRY! ALL THIS SECRECY SURE IS A HOT PUBLICITY COUP FOR THE U.S.!

WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THIS SECRET SPACE SHUTTLE MISSION, ANYWAY? JUST ANOTHER SPY SATELLITE LAUNCH?
JEEZ! SURE IS CROWDED UP HERE!


SOME KNOWLEDGEABLE SOURCES SAY IT'S A DIABOLICAL MILITARY WEAPON TO WAGE WEATHER WAR...
HARD TO BELIEVE THIS IS JULY IN LIBYA! EH, MU'AMMAR?
SHUT UP AND SHOVEL!

OTHER CRITICS SPECULATE IT MAY BE A HI-POWER PSYCHOTRONIC DEVICE TO BEAM SUBLIMINAL BROADCASTS AT THE SANDINISTAS...
LUCY! WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE CAR?!! I'M SORRY, RICKY-- WAAAAAAA !!!

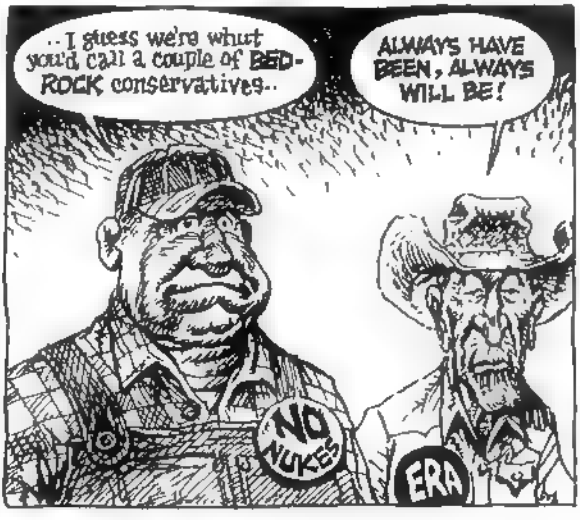

HOWEVER, THE REAL OBJECTIVE OF THE SECRET MISSION WAS THE PLACING OF AN ORBITING SIGNAL-TIMER TO REMIND THE PRESIDENT OF HIS NAP-TIME, NO MATTER WHERE HE IS!
TIC EEE-OOP
BOOP
BEEP!
ZEE
ZEE
ZEE
ZEE
ZEE
©1985 by KINNEY & MAVRIDES

LIFESTYLE THERAPIST SHARI BACKBITE, PH.D INTRODUCES HER NEW INSTITUTE FOR LOWERING SELF-ESTEEM
FREEWAY CLOSE
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS WELCOME
IS A TOO HIGH SELF-IMAGE ENDANGERING YOUR FAMILY LIFE?
A WOMAN WITH MY LOOKS & BRAINS WASTING HERSELF WIPING DIRTY BEHINDS!
MA! BILLY'S DOING SOMETHING FUNNY TO FLUFFY!
MAKING HASH OF YOUR RESUME?
TAKE YOUR COST ESTIMATE AND SHOVE IT!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I GOT THE HIGHEST SAT'S IN GREATER MILWAUKEE!
BLOCKING ANY CHANCE FOR FULFILLING SEXUAL RELATIONS?
NOT BAD, BUT... NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
LEARN THE POST NEW AGE PATH TO PEACE AND CONTENTMENT! JUST REPEAT AFTER ME: "EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY, I'M NO BETTER THAN THE POOR SLOBS...
ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE...
SLEEPING ON BUS BENCHES..
WAITING TABLES AT DENNY'S...
VIDEOTAPE AND CD AVAILABLE
INSTITUTE FOR LOWERING SELF-ESTEEM
AND DON'T FORGET OUR WEEKEND MARRIAGE ENCOUNTER REDUCING COMMUNICATION WORKSHOPS...
OUR MOTTO: "WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT YOU!"
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW DRESS, DEAR?
SPENDTHRIFT BITCH!
YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR MOTHER PUT ON A FEW POUNDS, HUH?
COLOR'S REAL NICE ON YOU, HONEY.
MUCH BETTER!
HUNDREDS OF ENDORSEMENTS FROM COUPLES SPARED THE TRAUMA AND EXPENSE OF DIVORCE
© SHARON RUDAHL 87

Chewin' and Spittin' at the General Store

I guess I must be gettin' OLD, Virgil. Some of these new-fangled industries that are poppin' up sorta' have me worried. I reckon I jes' prefer the old way of doing things to all these DANG GADGETS!

Thing that makes me mad Clyde is these government people and lobbying groups want to tell us how to live..Poking their noses into a man's personal affairs.



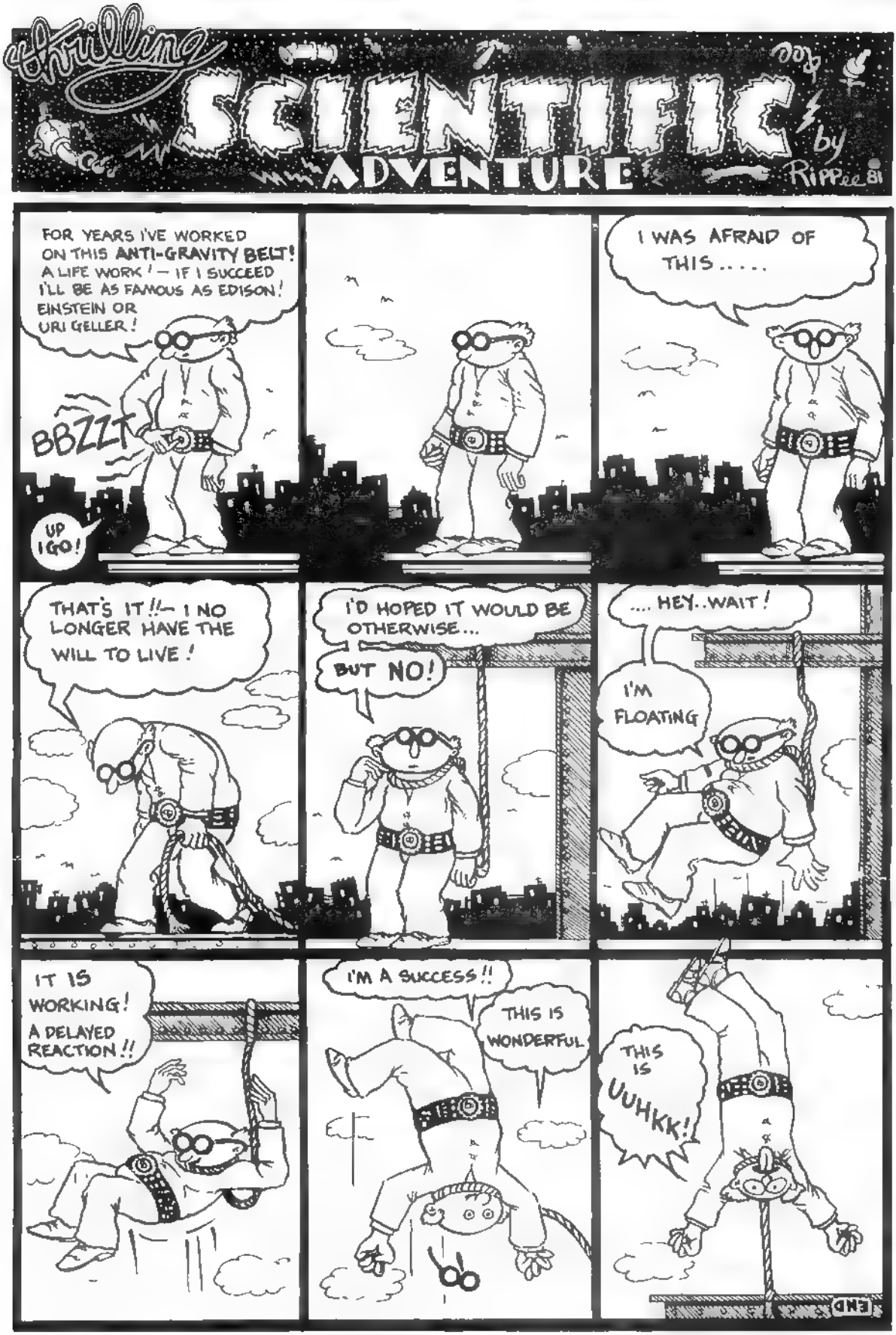
SLASH AND BURN
THE EMACIATED FIGURE STRUGGLES WITH ITS BURDEN. IT IS NOT HEAVY, BUT MANUEL IS WEAK. HE PAUSES TO REST AND CATCH HIS SHALLOW BREATH.
THE AIR IS STILL SMOKEY
COUGH! COUGH!
THE LANDSCAPE IS BARREN AND DEAD.
HE REMEMBERS HOW IT WAS YEARS AGO,-
-A VERDANT, LIVING JUNGLE
IT SUPPORTED ANIMALS AND PLANTS BEYOND COUNTING
THEN THEY HAD CUT THE TREES TO SELL, AND BURNED WHAT WAS LEFT TO CLEAR THE LAND
MANUEL HACHE, PED NOW HE COULDN'T REMEMBER WHY
©RICHARD CORBEN 1989

THEY PLANTED CROPS THAT FAILED AFTER A YEAR NOW EVERTHING IS DEAD.
–AS DEAD AS HIS BELOVED RITA
HE STAGGERS INTO MASTER RIVERA S FINE HOUSE
NO GUARD S TOPS HIM MANUEL WAS THE LAST GUARD
TREMBLING, HE GRASPS THE GUN HE HAD USED BEFORE TO ENFORCE MASTER RIVERA S WILL OVER THE DESPERATE INDIANS
MASTER RIVERA, ARE YOU COUNTING THE MONEY YOU MADE FROM THE LAND AND OUR BLOOD?
YOU'VE BURNED AND RAPED THE EARTH TO MAKE A BUCK YOU FOOL, YOU'VE DESTROYED EVERTHING. NOTHING LEFT! NOT FOR US, NOT FOR YOURSELF EITHER
BLAM!
I M NOT THE FOOL, MANUEL. NO THERE S NOTHING LEFT I KNEW IT WOULD TURN OUT THIS WAY, FROM THE VERY BEGINNING
BUT YOU VE MISSED THE POINT. THE GAME'S ALMOST OVER,–
–AND I VE GOT THE MOST STUFF AT THE END. SO I WIN
THE END

MacAlistaire awoke with the near trick sme. of heat in his lungs. It was dark but he knew he had to run
It was fire and it would be charging at him like a fast horse
The smoke smell reached him an hour later...
The fire it's own self came in two
It rushed overhead crowning the trees. The ground was hot
The five foot deep mulch was burning underneath
Suddenly, the fire was all about him.. he ran...
He ran till the flames nibbled him..
and his buck skins burnt and his hair sizzled...
He leapt
He'd be safe now. what could burn off, would, and within a few weeks there'd be green sprouts amid the blackened wreakage. He'd laugh at the memory of the flames
Assuming, a' course the river didn't boil...

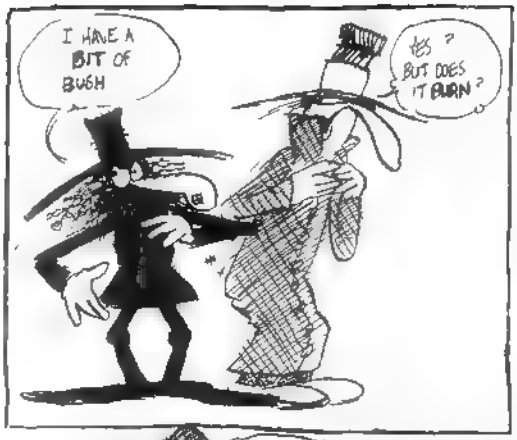
© STEVE LEIALOHA '89

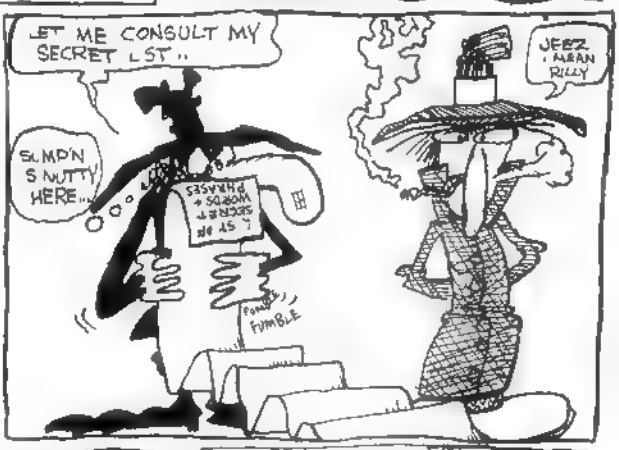
SUPER SONIC PSYCHO SCREAM
..BAY-BAY-UH...
YOU'RE DRIVIN' ME CRAY-ZAY-UH...
..I'M GOIN' OUTTA MAH HAY-UD...
POP!
..NOW AH WISH AH WUZ DAY-UD...
PSYCHO!
..BA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA
BA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA
BOOM! RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT!
YEOW!
BOOM! RAT-A-TAT-A-
YEAH!
LYRICS ©1964 BY JERRY ROSLIE/ VALET PUB CO BMI
ARTWORK ©1989 BY THE AMAZING PETER C BAGGE


Thrilling
SCIENTIFIC
ADVENTURE
by Rippee 81
FOR YEARS I'VE WORKED ON THIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT! A LIFE WORK! — IF I SUCCEED I'LL BE AS FAMOUS AS EDISON! EINSTEIN OR URI GELLER!
BBZZT
UP I GO!
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS.....
THAT'S IT!!— I NO LONGER HAVE THE WILL TO LIVE!
I'D HOPED IT WOULD BE OTHERWISE...
BUT NO!
.... HEY..WAIT!
I'M FLOATING
IT IS WORKING! A DELAYED REACTION!!
I'M A SUCCESS!!
THIS IS WONDERFUL
THIS IS UUHKK!
END

A TALE OF DESPAIR

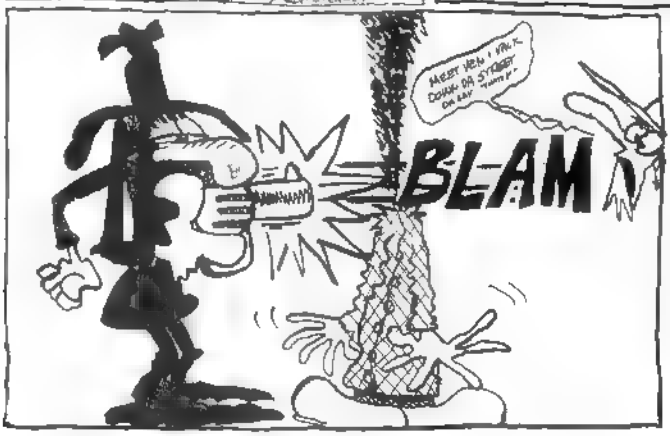
AND SECRET CODES





THE OWL SCREAMS AT MIDNIGHT. THE HUNTER PASSES ON HIS FOOT??
OR
MY GRANDMOTHER HAS RICKETTS ?? WHAT DOES HER DADDY DO??
THE LAKE IS POLLUTED BUT A SWIM-IN HEAT IS NEAT ??
KING GEORGE PUT ON HIS DILDO BUT FIRST HE SUCKED HIS THUMB
WHERE DOES HQ GET THESE ASSHOLES.

MY NAME IS VON VONSON .. I VERK IN VISCONSIN I VERK IN A LUMBER MILL DARE DA PEOPLE I MEET VEN I VALK DOWN DA STREET DEY SAY " VHAT'S YOUR NAME ?" AND I SAY " MY NAME S VON VONSON , I VERK IN VISCONSIN IN A LUMBER MILL DARE DA PEOPLE "



VAAL SHUDNA DUN THAT. MASSA KELLY HE GOTSA TENNIS MATCH TOMORROW VASSA DIS IS BAD !! OOOH YOU IS GONNA BE A SORRY MUTHERFUCKER '

DR. POINTER S. TOXIN
JUST SAY: "NYGHH!"
©1989 SCOTT SHAW!
in: "OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS LIKE HELL!"
"MY LATEST ASSIGNMENT FOR HOWLIN' STONED WAS TO SCORE AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE BESOTTED CAPTAIN OF A CERTAIN OIL TANKER..."
EGAD! YONDER LIES MY PREY-- THE ECHHXON VELVEETA!
ECHHXON VELVEETA
...HOW DARE THOSE CORPORATE SCUMBAGS SHIT WHERE I EAT!?!
:COUGH!:
:GAG!:
PUT
SPUT
BRAP
SPOOT
AVAST, CAPPY! HOWZABOUT SOME PITHY CHIN MUSIC OVER 10-40 MARGUERITAS?
(CAP'N --! AN UNAUTHORIZED BOARDER!)
AHRRR... NOT THAT ARSEHOLE!
BUT FIRST, A REFRESHING TOKE ON MY TRUSTY OL' PROTO-PIPE © BEFORE SINKING MY--
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
:SSSSSUCK!:
TOSS 'IM IN VAT #5!!!
BUT, CAP'N!
--JOURNALISTIC FANGS INTO THIS POTENTIALLY-
FLIP!
NO SMO
--EXPLOSIVE SCANDAL!?
WHOOM!
Y'KNOW, YOU CAN STOOP TO SUCH CHEAPJACK EVASIVE TACTICS FOR ONLY SO LONG, CAP'N--
:OOOF!!:
A!EEEE!
YAHHHH!
...BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM MY ACID-DIPPED PEN FOREVER!
:sniff?: BARBEQUE? I LOVE BEACH COOK-OUTS!
CRUDE BUT EFFECTIVE, HUH?
:BOINK!:
WHUMP!
THE END
BEST WISHES TO LARRY! HOPE YOU'RE BACK ON YOUR FEET SOON!

LOSER BLUES
story ... SWEENEY
pencils... EDGAR
inks ... VALENTINO
©1983
...THE END!
STATE EMPLOYME SERVI
I'M SORRY, BUT YOUR UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS EXPIRED LAST WEEK... NO EXTENSIONS... NEXT!
WHAT ?!!?
...THE MIDDLE!
I'M SORRY, YOU'RE DUE BACK TO MORTALITY BUT WE'VE USED UP OUR QUOTA OF GOOD LOOKS AND LUCK! YOU'LL HAVE TO PROCEED TO REBIRTH AS IS! NEXT!
HAVEN'T I BEEN HERE BEFORE?...
Reincarnation Processing
...THE BEGINNING!

Michael J. Gilbert's

UNDERGROUND CONFIDENTIAL!

IN 1975 I MADE MY MOVE TO THE LEGENDARY **BAY AREA** TO MAKE MY FAME AND FORTUNE AS [redacted]! I WAS 24, AND IT WAS ALL A PRETTY EXCITING ADVENTURE!

OF COURSE, BY THE TIME I GOT THERE, THE BIG UNDERGROUND COMIX **BOOM** HAD PRETTY MUCH GONE **BUST!** GREAT TIMING!

NOT THAT I WAS DISCOURAGED! **NOT ME, BOY!!** I GOT A FEW CHEESY ART JOBS, AND I ACTUALLY SOLD SOME OF MY **"WASPOTS"** CARTOON STRIPS TO THE INFAMOUS **BERKELEY BARB!** **WOTTA RUSH!**

IN ADDITION TO PUBLISHING SOME ISSUES OF MY OWN QUASI UNDERGROUND **NEW PILOT COMIX**, I EVENTUALLY GOT WORK DOING "REAL" COMIX LIKE **DOPE** [redacted] **SLOW DEATH** [redacted] **SEX!**

SO I DID SORTA MANAGE TO SLIP INTO THE VERY TAIL END OF THE UNDERGROUND COMIX BOOM! **JUST IN TIME, TOO!!** FROM THERE I WENT ON TO DO WORK FOR **"GROUND LEVEL"** COMICS LIKE **STAR-REACH** AND **QUACK!** ... BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE **"ALTERNATIVES"**, WHERE I CREATED MY OWN ODDBALL **MR. MONSTER** COMIC BOOK SERIES!

FWIP!

BUT THAT CAME YEARS LATER. WHEN I FIRST HIT **SAN FRANCISCO** I STARTED CALLING UP CARTOONISTS, ... OLD PROS LIKE **TRINA, LARRY RIPPEE** AND **ART SPIEGELMAN** WHO VERY GENEROUSLY OFFERED ADVICE AND ENCOURAGEMENT!

CHUMBOOM!

ONE OF THE NICEST OF THESE COMIX PROS WAS **LARRY TODD!** LARRY WAS STILL DOING HIS POPULAR **"DR. ATOMIC"** SERIES IN THOSE DAYS AS WELL AS SOME ABSOLUTELY BREATHTAKING OIL PAINTINGS FROM THE START I WAS IMPRESSED BY HOW OPEN AND FRIENDLY HE WAS TO THIS GREEN KID!

IT WAS ALWAYS A TREAT VISITING LARRY'S STUDIO. **"OOH-ING"** AND **"AAH-ING"** AT THE ART TREASURES HE'D DIG UP!

BETTER YET, OL' LARRY REALLY LIVED UP TO MY IMAGE OF AN *****UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST***!!** THE BOY WAS AN EXPERT AT ALL KINDS OF ARCANE DOPE ESOTERICA (I WAS COMPLETELY STRAIGHT, SO THAT ADDED AN EXTRA DELICIOUS TOUCH OF THE FORBIDDEN.) A SEXUAL ELEMENT WAS ADDED BY LARRY'S GIRL, A REAL LIVE BELLY-DANCER! **WOW!**

BEST OF ALL, FROM THE START, LARRY TREATED ME AS AN EQUAL. THOUGH MY CARTOONING CREDENTIALS WERE STILL PRETTY SHAKY! **WOTTA GUY!!**

BELIEVE ME ANY LITTLE SCRAP OF LEGITIMACY I GOT BACK THEN WAS REALLY APPRECIATED! **THANKS LARRY!!** ANYWAY, HERE'S A LITTLE STRIP I DID DURING THAT CRAZY PERIOD IT'S NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED... 'TILL NOW! IT MAY LOOK DATED, BUT DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU. I DESIGNED IT LIKE THAT WHEN I ORIGINALLY DREW IT, WAY BACK IN **1975. HONEST!!**

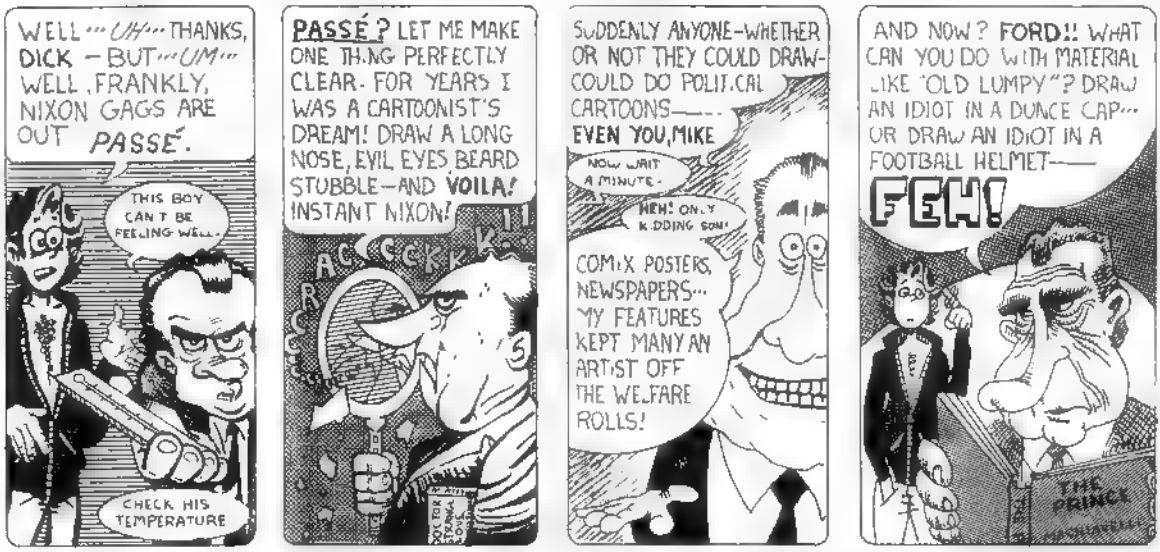
AND LARRY? BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, I HOPE YOU'RE ALL PATCHED UP AND READY TO GET STARTED ON SOME BRAND NEW **DR. ATOMIC** STORIES WE CAN ALL USE A FEW GOOD **LAFFS!!**

AUTHOR S NOTE: The following was written and drawn in May of 1975, shortly after Mr. Nixon s fall from power. Though classified **EXTREMELY SENSITIVE—NOT FOR PUBLICATION"** and kept from public view for many years, the story has recently been reclassified, and is being presented here—uncensored—for the first time. We wish to publicly thank my publishers for their courage and insight in grasping the extreme historical importance of this document—and allowing its publication.

Last Tango In San Clemente

ART/ SCRIPT ©1975 1989
Michael † Gilbert ©

ANOTHER LATE NIGHT AT THE OLD DRAWING BOARD, TRYING TO BEAT A DEADLINE. SUDDENLY···
HI, Mike!
WHO??
PRESIDENT NIXON?!?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY STUDIO???
YIPES.
EX-PRESIDENT I RESIGNED REMEMBER?
ACTUALLY MIKE, I CAME TO BE IN ONE OF YOUR COMIC STRIPS···
HUH?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ?
QUITE SIMPLE! YOU UNDERGROUNDERS HAVE BEEN DRAWING ME IN YOUR CUTE FUNNIES FOR YEARS.
SINCE YOU'RE NEW IN THIS BUSINESS I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A BREAK!


WELL···UH···THANKS, DICK — BUT···UM··· WELL, FRANKLY, NIXON GAGS ARE OUT PASSÉ.
THIS BOY CAN'T BE FEELING WELL.
CHECK HIS TEMPERATURE
PASSÉ? LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR. FOR YEARS I WAS A CARTOONIST'S DREAM! DRAW A LONG NOSE, EVIL EYES, BEARD STUBBLE—AND VOILA! INSTANT NIXON!
AGGGKKK!!
SUDDENLY ANYONE—WHETHER OR NOT THEY COULD DRAW—COULD DO POLITICAL CARTOONS—— EVEN YOU, MIKE
NOW WAIT A MINUTE.
HEH! ONLY KIDDING SON!
COMIX POSTERS, NEWSPAPERS··· MY FEATURES KEPT MANY AN ARTIST OFF THE WELFARE ROLLS!
AND NOW? FORD!! WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH MATERIAL LIKE "OLD LUMPY"? DRAW AN IDIOT IN A DUNCE CAP··· OR DRAW AN IDIOT IN A FOOTBALL HELMET——
FEH!
THE PRINCE

AND THE UNDERGROUNDS? I MADE THE COMIX SCENE! UNDERGROUND COMIX OF THE LATE 60'S, EARLY 70'S HAD FIVE THINGS GOING FOR IT··· DRUGS, VIOLENCE, SEX, BOB CRUMB AND ME!!!
PE!!
AH! THOSE GOLDEN DAYS! I WAS IN MY GLORY.
MY PENS···
OOPS! SORRY. FORCE OF HABIT HEH.
HEY! REMEMBER THE STORY THAT HAD THE POPE ORDERING THIS SEXY NUN TO FELLATE ME? YEAH, BOY! THAT WAS A GOOD ONE. (GOT IT HERE, SOMEWHERE···) AND HOW ABOUT THE ONE WHERE YOU AND AGNEW GOT CAUGHT TAKING BRIBES?
THAT WAS TIME - AND I DIDN'T FIND IT VERY HUMOROUS AT ALL.
COMIX

HEE! HEE!
AS FOOD!"
AH··· BUT WHY GO ON? THOSE STORIES WERE IN THE PAST THEY'D NEVER MAKE IT
DICK
OUTDATED YOU SAY?? POLITICS? DID CAESAR BECOME OUTDATED?
HITLER?
NAPOLEON??
REALLY DICK
SOAP
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT- BUT IT'S JUST NOT MY ART STYLE. WHY DON'T YOU TRY G.B. TRUDEAU?
MEMOIRS OF A LOSER
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I TRIED! GOD KNOWS HOW I'VE TRIED!! TRUDEAU HERBLOCK OLIPHANT··· FIEFFER··· EVEN AL(STUBBY) CAPP, (AS A LAST RESORT)— NOBODY'LL TOUCH ME ANYMORE! YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE— YA GOTTA DRAW ME YOU JUST GOTTA
SHARE!
PRETTY PLEASE?
OH WHAT'S THE USE? OLD CARTOONS NEVER DIE THEY JUST FADE AWAY
"SNIFF"
WELL SEE DICK
I DO HAVE A VERY BUSY SCHEDULE, AND WOULD FIND IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND THE NECESSARY TIME TO DO A NIXON STORY.
"AHEM"
AND THEN AGAIN
50
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
50
YOU NEVER CAN TELL· YOU NEVER CAN TELL··
OK KID
END

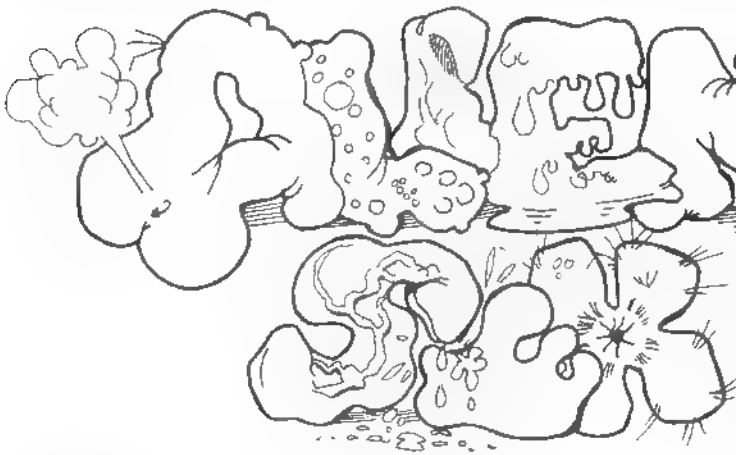
AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT: Much has transpired in the Nixon chronicles since the days in which I sent DESPITE THE GOVERNMENT BAN—AND AT **GREAT PERSONAL RISK**—surreptitious copies of this story to select media personalities. Ford has gone—as has Carter. In the ensuing years Mr. Nixon has climbed from the role of a spraced criminal to that of lovable elder statesman. He no longer tangoes in San Clemente—having purchased a building in one of the classier Big Apple ghettoes. His opinions on foreign affairs are widely sought usually by TV newsmen in desperate need of spicing up a dull story)—a trend culminating in a highly profitable series of interviews on the David Frost show. And yes—he has indeed been the subject of a good many more juicy political cartoons.

For ourselves, the work goes on—sometimes good—sometimes not. A cartoonist's life is not any easy one. But if—in the final accounting it is said that our story played a part—no matter how miniscule—in Dick Nixon's reemergence to public prominence, we will consider it to be a career not spent altogether unwisely.

MICHAEL T. Gilbert '79

P.S. He pays cash!—But check serial numbers!

PROBING THE BEHAVIOR OF



HABITS

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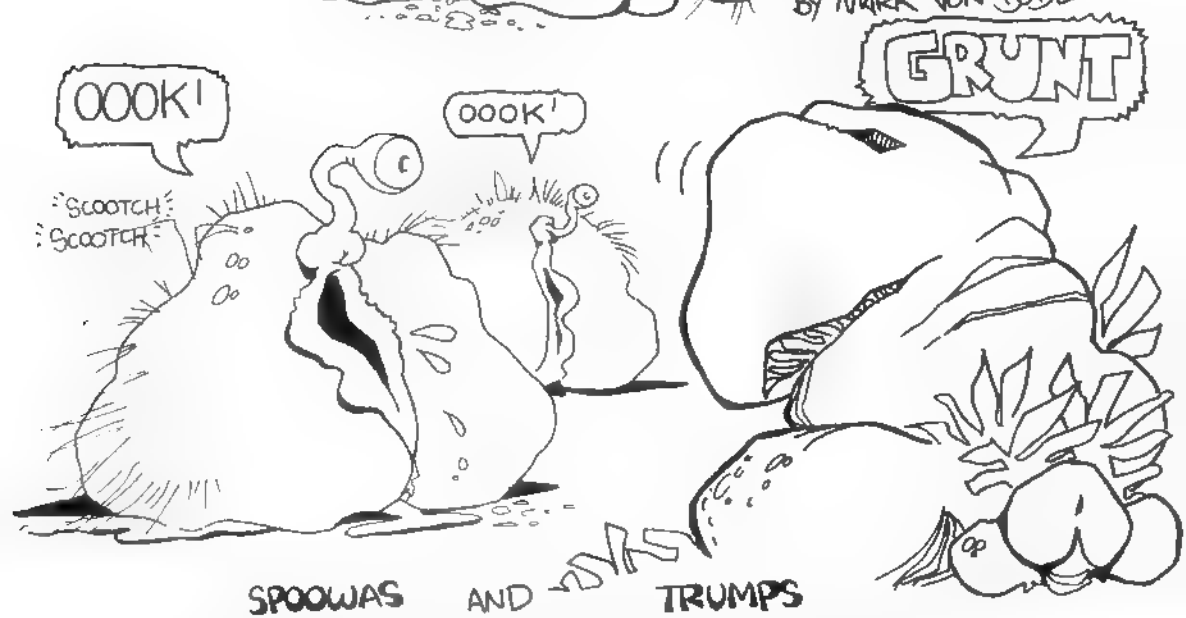
BY MARK VON BODE '89



SPOOWAS AND TRUMPS

FEMALE "**SPOOWAS**" LIVE MAINLY IN **FREE ROAMING** HERDS UNDULATING THEIR JELLY SACK BODIES TO GET AROUND. THEY HAVE LITTLE OR NO HAIR AND **MATE** ONLY **ONCE** A **YEAR**. FEMALES WHO ARE READY TO **REPRODUCE** WILL GROUP TOGETHER AND **PURGE** A **SLIMEY SECRETION** IN A LOCATION KNOWN TO **BEAR MALES**. THESE MALES ARE CALLED "**TRUMPS**". THE GROUP OF "**SPOOWAS**" WILL THEN WATCH OVER THE BUDDING "**TRUMP**" IN THE COMING WEEKS.

WHEN THE "**TRUMPS**" ARE AT **FULL FLOWER** THE FEMALE "**SPOOWA**" **COPULATES** WITH IT MADLY TILL THE "**TRUMP**" WILTS AND DRIES UP FROM BEING **JUICED**. "**TRUMPS**" WILL GROW IN THAT SAME SPOT NEXT YEAR FROM THE OLD SPORES. MEANWHILE, **9 MONTHS** LATER, THE "**SPOOWA**" WILL LAY "**SPOOWA**" **EGGS**

FANNY FLOWERS AND BEEDICKS

"FANNY FLOWERS", GROW ONLY IN **DAMP** REGIONS RATHER LIKE A **CACTI FUNGUS** AND POLLINATE IN SPRING WHICH IS EVERY MONTH OR SO ON THIS PLANET.

THEY GROW UNTIL THEY GET THEIR **MEMBRANES POPPED** BY THE "**BEEDICK**" WHOSE ONLY INTEREST IS TO GATHER **HONEY** FROM **INSIDE** THE FLOWER

THUS DISTRIBUTING **POLLEN** FOR THE "**FANNY FLOWERS**"— "**BEEDICKS**" LIVE IN **CONDO HIVES**, AND **WORKERS** NEVER GET TO **BALL** THE **QUEEN**...

FEMALE BOOBS AND BOOB HOPPERS

"BOOB HOPPERS" ARE MOSTLY FOUND IN REMOTE AREAS. THE FEMALE "BOOBS" CAN BE FOUND SPOTTED SPORADICALLY ACROSS FIELDS FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES. THE FEMALES HAVE NUMEROUS REPRODUCTION ORIFICE LOCATIONS, BUT ONLY ONE WILL FERTALIZE THE FEMALE "BOOB". SO IT IS THE TIRESOME JOB OF THE MALE TO LOCATE AND FERTALIZE THE RIGHT ORIFICE. THIS BEHAVIOR FILTERS OUT "WEAK MALE BOOBS" FROM THE HEALTHY AND "VIRIL BOOBS".

THE FEMALE WILL CONCEIVE BY TEARING ITSELF APART INTO VARIOUS SIZED FLESHY GLOBS, SMALLER GLOBS WILL BECOME MALE BIGGER GLOBS, BECOME FEMALE

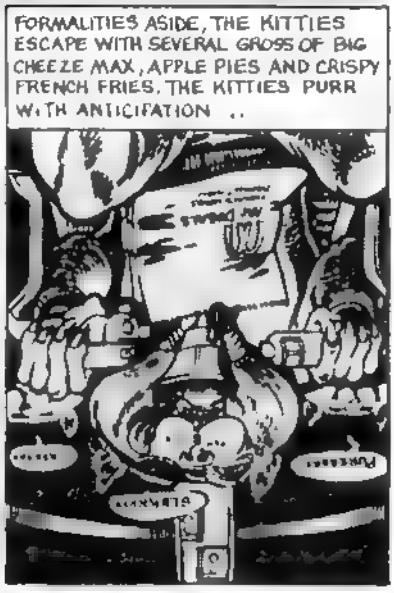
A SEXUALLY CONFUSED BOOB HOPPER (MOST COMMON)

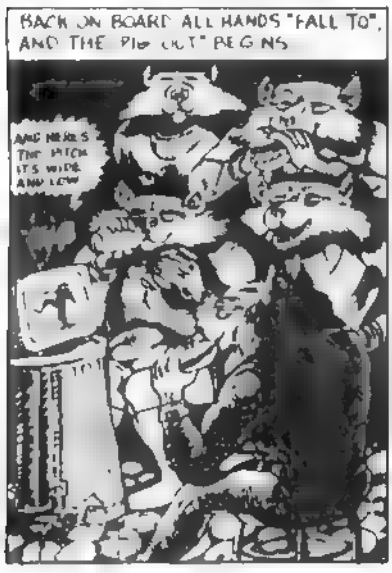
UNDERGROUNDS 451
WE HAVE VISUAL!
HALT!
BLAM BLAM
BEWARE
THANKS CITIZEN
MOVE ALONG!
SLAM
AT LAST.
TRUE ART.
FREEDOM
OR ATOMIC
KATHUD
YOU HAVE BROKEN THE LAW!
COMIX
NO UNDERGROUND COMICS!
WE SHALL PREVAIL!
BEWARE OF THE END

Petrina
SPACE PUNK FELINES
SOME REALLY NASTY KITTIES
THA REAL STUF!
© 1989 ERIC VINCENT
CAPT? WAKE UP!! COME UP TO THE BRIDGE! AND SEE WHUT WE GOT ON THE SCREEN!
SNURK PURR
INTERSTELLAR MC DUGAL'S CAP'T.. AND WHAT A COINCIDENCE – IT'S ALMOST LUNCHTIME ... WHAT SAY?
SURE.. CHUCKLE, LETS SEE IF THEY'LL "DO IT ALL" FOR US HEE HEE HEE
BURGERS!!
WITH 2 OF HIS BEST MEN, THE CAPTAIN KITTY PREPARES ONE OF HIS FEARED "SCAMF" FIGHTERS FOR LAUNCH. UMBILICALS JETTISONED, THEY CAST OFF... ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRIENDLY "GOLDEN ARCHES".
EAT
MC DUGAL'S
ALWAYS STRIVING TO SET AN EXAMPLE FOR HIS MEN, KITTY THUMBS HIS DASH COPY OF EMMY POST FOR "SURPRISE PARTIES"

3 BIG MAX, 3 COLAS AND AN ORDER OF FRIES
SNICKER
PURRRRRRRR
(SHIT)
OH DAMN! MY SHIFT IS OVER IN 10 MINUTES AND NOW THIS!!

A LOUD, UNCOUTH
OUTRAGED THAT THIS SCUNGY SPACE TRASH WOULD "CUT" IN LINE, THE ALIEN CUSTOMERS VOICE THEIR DISPLEASURE SMOOTH AND CULTURED, THE KITTIES RESPOND TO THEIR COMPLAINTS IN A NOVEL MANNER...
SSSSSSS!!!
HISS!


FORMALITIES ASIDE, THE KITTIES ESCAPE WITH SEVERAL GROSS OF BIG CHEEZE MAX, APPLE PIES AND CRISPY FRENCH FRIES. THE KITTIES PURR WITH ANTICIPATION ..
PURRRRRR
MMMMMMM


BACK ON BOARD ALL HANDS "FALL TO", AND THE PIG OUT" BEGINS
AND HERE'S THE PITCH IT'S WIDE AND LOW

SOON, AT A GALACTIC CONVENIENCE STORE
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! SPACE PUNK FELINES ARE CALLING TO ORDER SOMETHING. THEY EVEN WANT TO PAY!! THEY'RE EVEN BEING POLITE!
(THANK
MUST BE A TRICK!!
HHMMPH
ANIMALS!!)
PAL A PAL

BWEEEEEEEE GROAN UNNH... PPOOOOOT!! MR SNEED? WE'RE SORRY WE TRASHED YOUR STORE LAST YEAR...WE'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT. JUST SEND UP AT LEAST A TON OF KITTY LITTER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.. OK? UHUH! PLEASE??
GRUMBLE
PEEEUUUUUUUNNNH
VERTT
BLIT
?
NATURAL FOOD IS REAL, KIDS, DON'T EAT JUNK!!
YER PAL - ERIC VINCENT '89

ARTIST FEAR COMIX

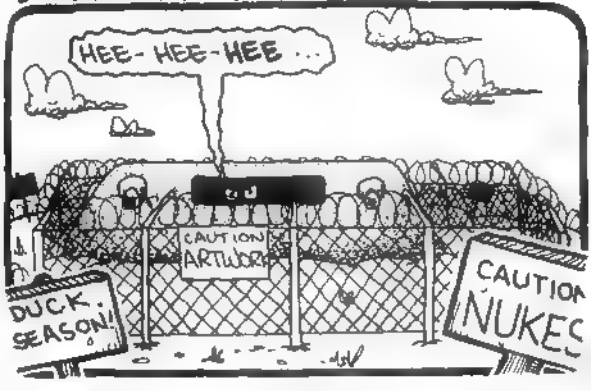
©1989 Bill Fitts

OH, THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS AN ARTIST MUST FACE DURING HIS TENURE ON THIS PLANET....

ALONG WITH THE STRIVING FOR ACCEPTANCE, THE DESPAIR OF REJECTION, THE DEMANDS OF HIS AUDIENCE, THE ARTIST'S GREATEST FEAR IS THE LOSS OF HIS ART, OR ABILITY TO RENDER SUCH...

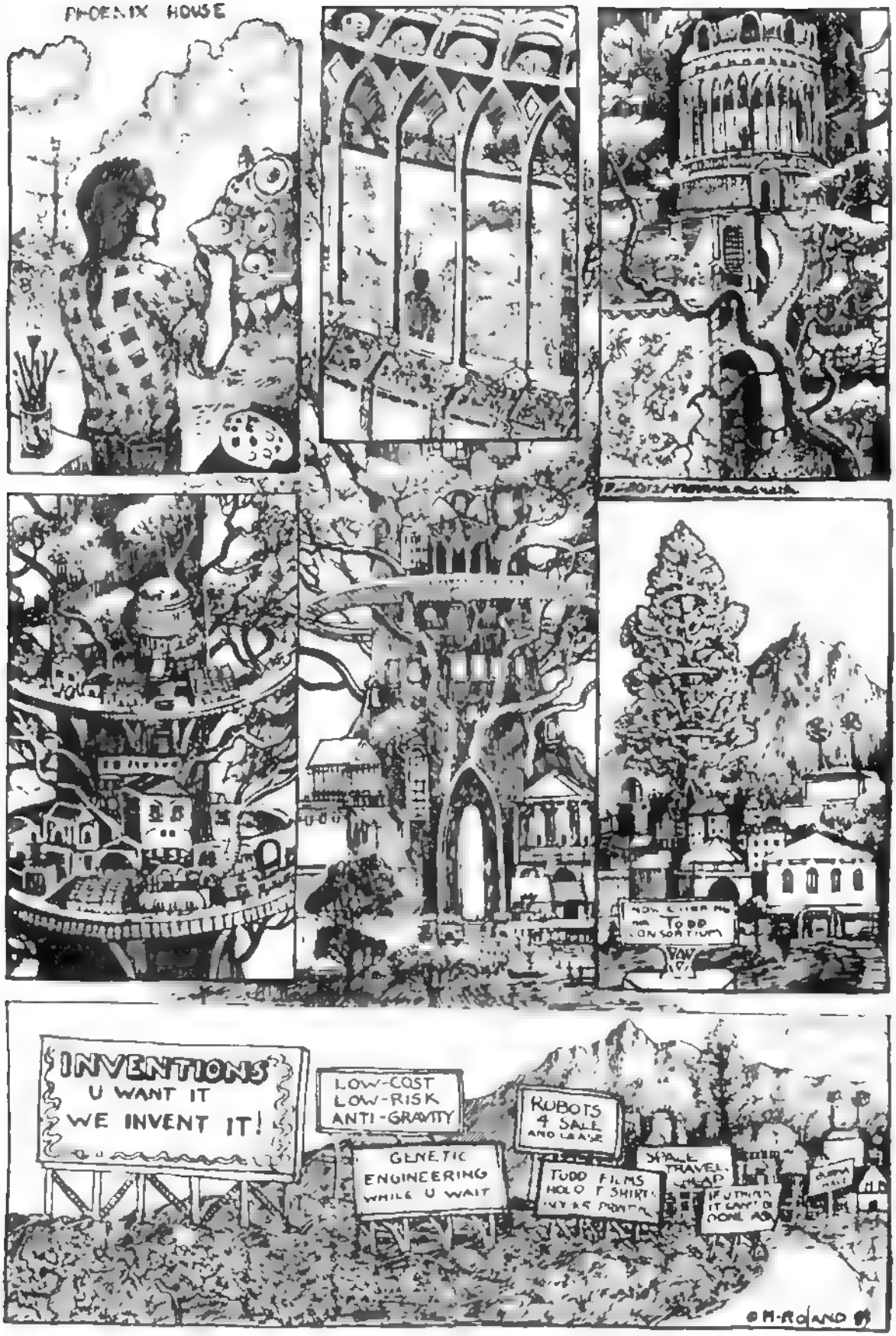
NOTHING FRIGHTENS ME MORE THAN THE THOUGHT OF LOSING MY ARTWORK TO SOME TRAGEDY LIKE FLOOD, FLAME, OR THEFT..

SO WHAT'S AN ARTIST TO DO? I SAID SCREW IT, AND BUILT AN IMPENETRABLE BUNKER TO HOUSE MY LIFE'S WORK....



...I'VE HEARD OF SINGERS, ACTORS AND ATHLETES GETTING THEIR MOST VALUED LIMBS INSURED...

...SO GO I...


PHOENIX HOUSE
INVENTIONS
U WANT IT
WE INVENT IT!
LOW-COST
LOW-RISK
ANTI-GRAVITY
GENETIC
ENGINEERING
WHILE U WAIT
ROBOTS
4 SALE
TODD FILMS
HOLO T SHIRTS
SKULL
TRAVEL
IF U THINK
IT CAN'T BE
DONE, AS
TODD
CONSORTIUM
©M-ROLAND

A TRUE STORY)

SPAM CHOWDER AND JACKELOPES
UNQUENCHABLY HOT TEE HEE
HAMMER! HAMMER! HAMMER!
BY MAD MAXX 89©
MY HAIR HAS TO STAY THIS WAY ALL WEEK END
HAY LIGHT THIS HAIR SPRAY! IT WILL SHOOT FLAMES!
WHHAT DID YOU SAY.Y.. MAN N ?
SPRAY
GIVE ME A LIGHT!
OWW DOOOD I...HAVE TO CHECK.... MY..POCKET .... OK?
SEX PISTOLS
SHIT I WONDER IF THERE'S STILL ENOUGH HAIR SPRAY TO SPIKE UP MY HAIR WITH?
"OW!" I NEED TO FIND MY... LIGHTER MAN.N N.
SEX PISTOLS
HAY COOL MY HAIRS SPIKES OUT GOOD!
OWW..YA.. I STILL.. NEEED TOOO FIND MY.. LIGHTER
PISSSS
SEX PISTOLS
..OHHW..HERES MY LIGHTER ... DOOOD..
AHHH SHIT IM SPRAYING MY HAIR FUCKER!
WOSH!!!
FLIK
SEX PISTOL
OOHOW DOOD YOUR HAIR COT ON FIRE MAN.. ..DOOD!
YOUR A LAME DOMB ASS..! BUT HAY! IT LOOKS PRITTY GOOD!
SEX PIS
THE FUD

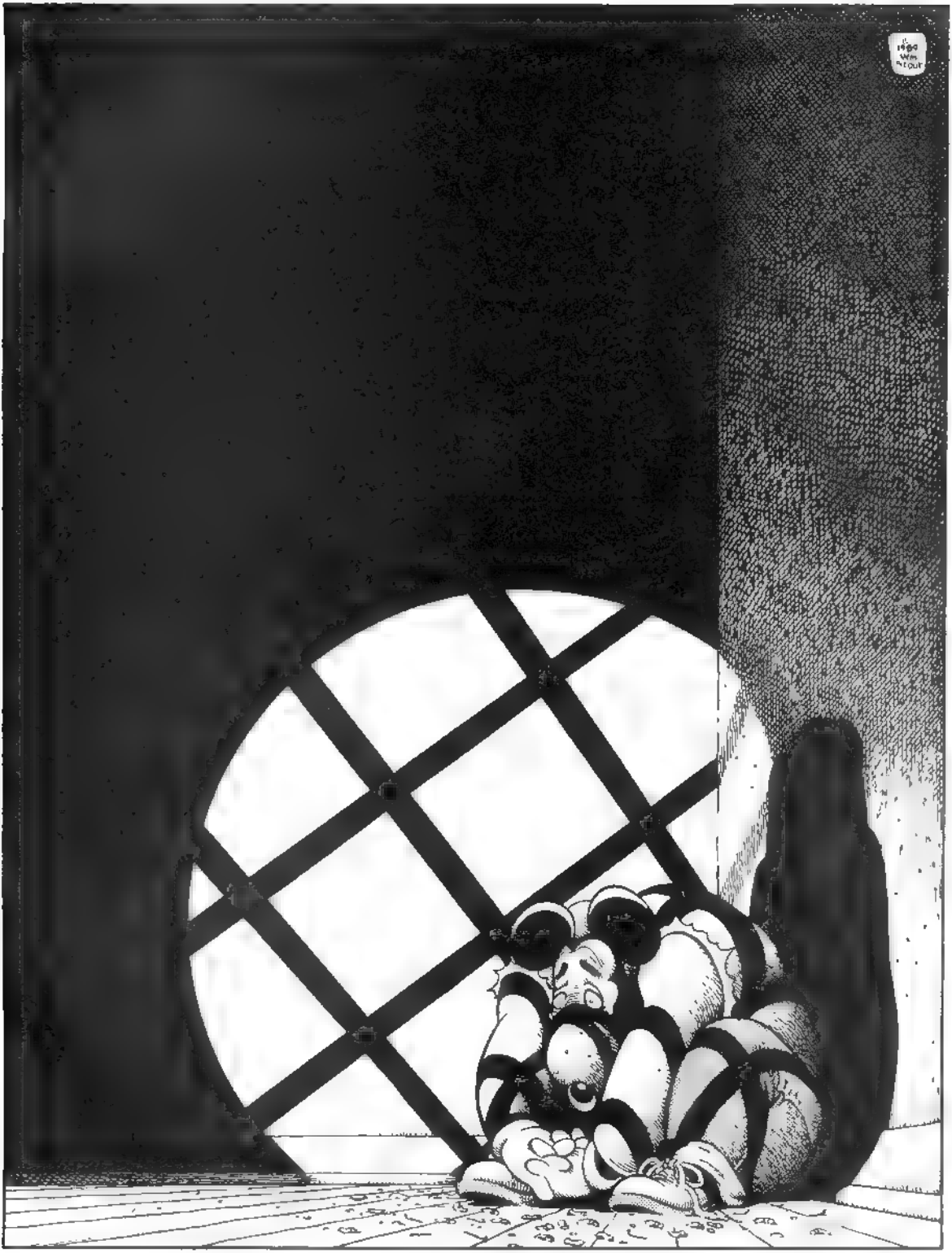
NIGHTMARE ON BLUE LAKE RD.

Geo. Metzger 22 Sept '89

THE DANCE OF FORTUNE

RRRRR
I KNEW HE HAD TO BE GOOD AT SOMETHING OTHER THAN GROWING VEGETABLES.
F.D 12
TO LARRY BEST

©Guy Colwell 1989



ALTERATIONS

FEATURING OMAHA THE CAT DANCER

by KATE WORLEY & REED WALLER

(c) 1989 Reed Waller & Kate Worley

MENDOCINO CHERRY
KILL
Larry Welz '89

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Fire Sale

Published 1989
(1st edition)
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Stories:

3 - Smokey Considerations (Forward)
4 - Fire Sale
8 - Machines
11 - Big Bitch
12 - The Case of the Dripping Drop-In
13 - Towering Inferno
14 - Aliens
15 - Face the Court
16 - The Petrified Forest
17 - Visit with Dr. Atomic
18 - Batrat
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20 - Checkered Demon
21 - Cover-Up Lowdown
22 - Institute for Lowering Self Esteem
23 - Chewin' and Spittin'
24 - Slash and Burn
26 - MacAllstaire
...and more

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Comments:

A benefit comix for Larry Todd.